TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE Civilian, a little journal published fortnightly at Ottawa in the interests of the Civil Service of Canada, complains editorially of the apathy of the Canadian public toward that body of workers known under the very general heading of civil servants

"Newspapers," The Civilian states, "seldom or never talk of it; when they do, nine times out of ten it is to make silly jokes about sinecures. To appreciate its work, to understand its problems, they do little or nothing beyond an occasional generalization. Even in Ottawa, where over four million dollars received annually in salaries are spent by civil servants, and where one would think mere business enterprise would come into play,—if there is an editor with a constructive idea concerning the service (which we doubt) he has adopted the oyster for his model in eloquence."

What is there about the work of the civil servant that he must needs be patted on the back at regular intervals? Is his life work more righteous and upright than other callings? Is his diligence and his watchfulness greater than that of plain John Smith, sub-foreman in the foundry? Smith does his work the best he can and draws his pay, and so do hundreds of thousands of other people here in Canada, with no idea that either the boss or the public are coming around to jolly them along at prescribed intervals. The public has opened workshops at Ottawa presumably on broad business lines, and has hired the necessary men and women to fill the benches. These men and women are fairly well paid for their work, and so far as I am aware they do their tasks with diligence. But why not? That's what they are paid for.

The public appreciates the work of the civil service just so far as it is effective; its problems they care little or nothing about. When we board a Grand Trunk or a C. P. R. train we expect to get to our destinations on time. We don't get on the train with the idea of having the conductor, the firemen, the engineer and the train hands tell us all their troubles, and at the end of the journey we don't slap them on the back and shower them with congratulations for not sending us to our long sleep. We take it as a matter of course that they will do their duty; that we will get to our destinations on time. Why the semaphore at Rock Creek Junction did not work as perfectly as on the last run is of no particular interest to the passenger. He doesn't pay his good money to be bothered by such things. If there chances to be anything wrong with the train then we do get up and holler, and perhaps write the head of the passenger department. This is our right. We have paid a specified sum for certain goods and they have not been delivered.

This I take it is the attitude of the general public toward the civil service. We pay well for what we get, and have no reason to be specially thankful because the post-office department sees to it that our letters reach us promptly, or that the employees of the finance department don't get away with more of the Canadian tax payers' hard earned dollars than they are entitled to.

The writer in The Civilian complains that editors have no constructive ideas concerning the civil service. Why in the name of common sense should they? What business is it of the editor? What is he presumed to know about such things? Editors presume a great deal at times, but there is a limit. Just because a man happens to be a stockholder in the Dominion Textile Company he doesn't go around to general manager Gordon and tell him how to operate the mills. Mr. Gordon is employed because of his special knowledge. If Gordon falls down then the stockholders do stand on their hind legs and yell. They have paid for an effective supervision of their plant, and their business is to see that they get it.

On the same general lines we are paying to have the business of the country effectively managed. We are paying presumably for specialists. As stockholders in a great country it is not our duty to criticize, nor to suggest, nor to have constructive ideas, so long as the service rendered is effective. When it ceases to be that then the moment has arrived for our board of directors who sit in the House of Commons at Ottawa to straighten out the tangle and place matters once more on a working basis.

The Civilian's attitude reminds one of the fussy old gentleman who arrived at the old Balmoral Hotel, Montreal, years ago. The proprietor, E. H. Dunham, was standing behind the desk.

"I was told to come to the Balmoral by Mr. Smith, who said that you would take good care of me," was the greeting of Mr. Fusser as he neared the desk.

"Yes," replied Dunham as he turned the register to a convenient position for the incoming guest.

"Mr. Smith, who is a friend of mine said that you would take good care of me here," repeated Mr. Fusser.

"Yes," replied the large sized and good natured hotel man, as he signalled the hall boy and handed him the key to the guest's room.

"You know Mr. Smith told me that you would take good care of me here," said the fussy guest for the third time.

Dunham gazed at him critically a moment, and then replied in characteristic fashion: "Well, what do you want me to do, kiss you?"

As to The Civilian's charge that newspapers are prone to make silly jokes about sinecures in the civil service, there is, it must be admitted, a foundation of truth. But on the other hand are the newspapers to be greatly blamed? As kissing goes by favor, so I am bound to admit do some of the jobs at Ottawa. This is not the fault of the civil service, nor of the administration for that matter, for it dates back to the beginning of things politically. Men and women with political pulls are bound to get political jobs, just so long as an easy-going public will stand this sort of thing. At the heads of our great departments at Ottawa we have lawyers, lawyers and lawyers. A newspaper man has slipped in somehow and so has a railway contractor and one or two other occupations and professions are represented. But on the whole the governing power is in the hands of the legal profession. Just why poring over law books should qualify men to operate canals and marine, post-offices and administer the affairs of trade and commerce, is an enigma to all save the politician. The general public must therefore be pardoned if it occasionally laughs in its sleeve at the sinecures which Ottawa produces, and at the same time looks with some suspicion at the self-sufficiency of men who are presumed to rank in brains, ability and an aptitude for their work with our great captains of industry, but who fall ignominiously short of the measure.

If this little Ottawa publication, The Civilian, is making for esprit de corps, is animating the spirit of this great body of public servants, its work is well found, and its aims most praiseworthy. But at the same time it would do well to remember the old familiar quotation, which says something about the Lord helping those who help themselves.

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WHO discovered the North Pole anyhow? Explorer Peary says that Cook is a liar, and Cook says that Peary is a thief. Some members of the Arctic Club have remarked that Peary is a colossal fakir, and Peary's friends retort by stating that Munchhausen as the boss liar, was a poor amateur, in comparison with Cook.

Much has been made of the fact that Cook's claim to have reached the North Pole is not substantiated by the testimony of other white men, but it would now appear that Peary is in the same boat: his only companions in the last dash being Eskimos and the colored body servant who has been the explorer's companion on former dashes into the lone north. According to Peary's story, Capt. Bartlett who from all accounts stood by the discoverer like a man from start to finish, was the last white to be with Peary on the northward dash and he, obeying orders, was obliged to turn southward again at the 88th parallel.

Without wishing to impugn any sordid or niggardly motives it would nevertheless appear as if Commander Peary was very much afraid of sharing North Pole honors with another white. For seemingly without any good reasons he turned back Capt. Bartlett, the only man within many degrees who could take observations independently and check those of his superior officer.

The time may come, I imagine, when Commander Peary will be exceedingly sorry that he did not allow another to share the honors, for no matter how circumstantial the story, there will always be those who will argue that unsubstantiated testimony of this character does not after all bear a great deal of weight.

Then again, Peary's account of his excessive speed on the last few days of the dash to the pole does much to carry out the contentions of Cook and his supporters, for while the latter only claimed fifteen miles per day on the average, Peary's speed far exceeded this; and again Peary's general description of the ice near the pole bears out the testimony of Explorer Cook.

In all probability the Peary-Cook controversy will be proceeded with for many weary months to come. We will have the testimony and cross testimony of expert witnesses. Alienists will appear on the scene, libel suits will be instituted and before we are thoroughly recovered the public will imagine that another Thaw trial is at hand.

Perhaps, after all, it would be best to send out another expedition and get the job of discovering the North Pole done in a workmanlike manner.

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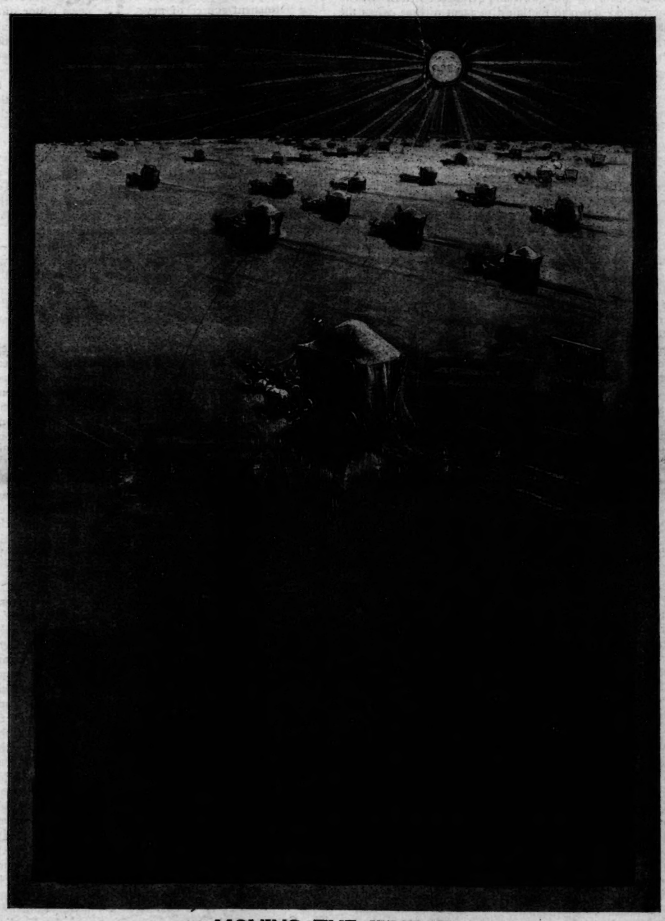
WHILE we have no particular occasion to worry concerning complex situations which will arise long after those of the present generation have crossed the Last Portage, still such subjects are always interesting. Long ago that brainy old Scotchman, Carnegie, impressed upon the people the fact that we have been using up the natural resources of the world at a wonderful rate, and that within a hundred years or so the iron foundries, the blast furnaces, and the rolling mills will be looking about for something to take the place of iron ore.



MOVING THE WHEAT.
VIEW OF CANADA, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE NORTH POLE

A German specialist who has gone into the question with a great deal of care and seeming precision, states that the exhaustion of the world's iron ore fields is much nearer than is generally realized, and he adds that much of the talked of failure of the coal supply in the near future would be far less important than a dearth of iron.

The writer estimates the world's demand for iron during the next ten years at 60,000,000 tons a year, which means from 150,00,000 to 180,000,000 tons of ore. Ore containing less than 20 per cent. of pure iron is not regarded as worth smelting. It is therefore only the ore fields yielding more than 20 per cent. of the metal that enter the calculation. The largest of these, that of Kirunavara-Luossavara in Sweden, contains, according to the latest estimates, from 600,000,000 to 800,000,000 tons of ore, which would be sufficient to cover the world's needs for barely five years.

There are of course numerous other sources of supply, but of late it has become increasingly plain that the probable yield of these has been greatly overestimated. M. Sjongren, a Swedish expert, estimates the world's iron ore supply at 9,250,000,000 tons. To test this figure thoroughly will be the main task of the International Geological Congress, which is to meet at Stockholm next year; but if Sjongren's figures be taken as approximately correct, and if it is further assumed that the world's demand will remain stationary at 60,000,000 tons of crude iron annually, which is hardly probable, then the result is that within sixty years all the iron ore fields now known will be exhausted.

Here again will come Canada's opportunity. The hungry world with its ever-increasing population is getting to look to our Western wheat fields for the wherewithal to feed these hungry millions. How much iron ore our still unexplored acres contain is now unknown, and will unquestionably remain a secret until the demands for ore exceed the supply of the known fields. But the time will come when the prospector will search out iron in place of gold and silver, and then and not till then will the mineral wealth of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec come into the lime light. That ore beds of great richness exist in both these Provinces is already well known, but many of them are so far from the present comparatively narrow fringe of civilization that they have scarcely been taken into account.

Canada has not only her last west, but apparently the last mineral fields, and their development may come sooner than we now realize.

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EDWARD H. HARRIMAN, president of sixteen corporations, director in three times as many more, and master of railways with sufficient mileage to nearly twice circle the earth at the Equator, is dead.

Financiers state that Harriman died worth some two hundred million dollars, a sum more than sufficient to purchase, at market price, Canada's grain crops for the year 1909. But this same Harriman started on the Long Trail on no better footing than the meanest navvy in his employ.

From the great house at Arden, in Orange County, N.Y., which he never lived to see completed, Harriman's lifeless body was taken to its last resting place on the Arden hill-side. Rulers of Wall Street, men thick in the strife of money getting, came and heard the simple service, bowed their heads and departed. On the next train they hurried back to New York (all unconscious of the great price they are paying) entering once again the strife that killed their master in his prime.

Is it worth the price?

It takes a great man to accumulate great wealth and come through the ordeal unscratched and unspoiled. When the cornucopia of gold pours into a man's lap he is too apt to find his ideals replaced by avarice and ambition. Somewhere, somehow, he has lost the sympathy, confidence, and trust that once were his. They slip away somewhere in the darkness and he may never find them again.

Is it worth the price?

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IT is refreshing to occasionally find a judge who has the scales fall from his eyes to the extent of seeing that here in Canada we treat the Yellow Man not only with contempt but with gross injustice. Judge Grant resides in Vancouver and up before him the other day came sixty Chinese charged with gambling. Judge Grant refused under the circumstances to hold these sixty Sons of the East, stating that where gambling among white men was carried on in an open and flagrant manner, he saw no reason to stop fan-tan playing among the Chinese. "The Chinese have," he said "the same privileges and rights as the white man."

It would be well if some of Judge Grant's even handed justice could be ladled out in other sections of the country. Ever since the landing of the first contingent of Chinese on this continent they have been marks for the police and police court judges. Whenever matters get slack in police circles the monumental intellects of the police officials are struck by the same happy thought: "Let's raid a Chinese joint," and they do. The poor Chinaman who are doing nothing worse than their white neighbors around the corner are lugged into court and get the limit. In cities throughout Canada gambling among club members is carried on constantly, but whoever heard of a first class club being raided, though the police are as thoroughly aware of the offense as are the members of the clubs themselves.

On the same principle the police raid the corner saloon that sells a drink after hours, but bless your heart there is not a high class club in Canada that does not sell liquor at all hours, Sunday included.

Laws are very generally enacted to be broken by the few,—by the privileged class; the many must obey or go to jail. And just here is where our well meaning Lord's Day Alliance stumbles and falls. This body has originated a host of laws hampering and trammeling the poorer classes, but for which the wealthy care not a sou. What this country requires is a little even handed justice, something that can be passed around to poor and rich alike; then perchance we will be a trifle more careful in enacting laws, most of which we now honor in the breach.

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THE writer of the Front Page has received the following from a Toronto gentleman:

"I am a regular reader of your paper and noticed your article of Sept. 4th regarding the tariff on pulp wood. I was in New York the week before last and in conversation with a merchant there the question of pulp wood came up for discussion and he informed me that owing to the duty levied by Canada on pulp wood the United States Government, at the request of the Paper Makers Syndicate, had amended their tariff in order to bring Canadians to time. He also informed me that since this tariff had become law that the Province of Quebec had been made to "sit up" and had already repealed the extra duty, and he supposed the Province of Ontario would do likewise rather than loose the United States market. I am enclosing herewith copy of notice sent to the different merchants by the Treasury Department at Washington. This will, no doubt, interest you if you have not already seen it, and I should like to know through the columns of your paper whether or not the Province of Ontario is going to follow Quebec's lead and "sit up."

F. B. W.

I will state for the information of Mr. B. and his New York acquaintance that the latter is apparently not very well informed as to the "sitting up" process. The only "sitting up" that the Province of Quebec has done or is likely to do is to retain or even increase its present export duty on pulp wood cut from Crown Lands. In a recent speech Premier Gouin of Quebec stated that the action of the United States Government would in no wise effect his policy. For the present the net export duty

of 25 cents per cord on pulp wood (cut from Crown land and exported) would remain as now, but he still further intimated that the time was fast approaching when the export of pulp wood from Crown lands in that Province would be entirely prohibited, as is now the case in the Province of Ontario.

Canada has need of her forests and the Canadian people at large have come to realize it. Any backing down on the part of either of the Provincial governments would be from the standpoint of the public about as unpopular a move as could well be conceived.

The United States paper manufacturer has reached a point where he must either utilize Canadian pulp or pulp wood on his side of the line or move his mills to Canadian territory.

We are after the mills and they are bound to come. In this instance Canada holds the gad by the butt end, and it is far from likely that Washington's tariff mongers with their absurd attempts at coercion, will have any effect.

For the benefit of F. B. W.'s New York acquaintance, I can not do better than quote from the speech of Mr. R. Hobson, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and delivered by him at the annual meeting of that body on Tuesday last: "I believe I am correct in stating that the answer of Canadian-producing interests to the new American tariff is summed *up in the* two words, 'No surrender.' Our friends across the border have always said to our manufacturers, 'We do not want your goods.' They now say to our farmers, 'We do not want your produce.' Let us strengthen our own position, and in April next let the Government put into effect the provisions of the Surtax Act of 1903. And then let our farmers and our manufacturers, our lumbermen, our miners and our fishermen all join hands in developing our own Canadian resources, in perfecting our avenues of communication, and in building up a strong home market that will make us independent for all time to come of the meagre market the United States has hitherto afforded us."

We are "sitting up" all right.

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A MISSOURI lawyer has started out to prove that Mark Twain is dead. Not dead in a literary sense, but, as he remarks, literally dead. Eugene H. Angert, author of the argument which appears in the current number of The North American Review, in which publication, by the way, much of Mark Twain's work has appeared, maintains that Mark shuffled off in some out-of-the-way European town sometime in 1906. He further argues that the Mark Twain Company was incorporated in 1908 without any active participation on the part of the aforesaid Mark, the original articles in the Secretary of State's office showing that Twain was not one of the organizers of the Mark Twain Company, his signature not appearing on the documents.

Mr. Angert's next argument in favor of his theory is that the author of "Huck Finn" could not under any circumstances have written "Christian Science" nor "Is Shakespeare Dead?" He says that Twain could not have written these if he would and would not if he could. Mr. Angert further lays the authorship of these two books at the door of Elbert Hubbard, the Roycrofter.

"Let me briefly state the facts as I have gathered them," says Mr. Angert, "and then with such particularity as the limits of this article will permit, the evidence upon which they rest. Mark Twain died in the year 1906 The exact date and place of his demise I have been unable as yet to discover. But it is undoubtedly true that he passed away during the summer or early fall of that year in an obscure village of Switzerland. For the reading world he has continued to live. Pseudo-humorous writings, in feeble imitation of those which have made him the first of laugh-provokers, have been given to the eager public after the Almighty had silenced the tongue of the teller of tales, and forever deprived the world of the brilliant mind which gave us "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn" and "Colonel Mulberry Sellers." In all history no greater literary hoax than this has been perpetrated. The Shakespeare delusion, the Ireland forgeries, the mystery of Junius, the Fiona MacLeod myth, are insignificant deceptions compared with that which is being carried on at the present time by the use of the name of Mark Twain. Of course there is a motive for this fraud, and it is a very obvious one. For many years prior to his death Mark Twain commanded the largest audience of any writer of his day. Not only in America, but throughout Europe, his new books were awaited with as much eagerness as an instalment of a Dickens' novel seventy years ago. Not even Kipling or Roosevelt, in the zenith of their literary careers, could so readily mint their words into golden coin. The financial return to his publishers was enormous. But they foresaw that the steady stream of wealth that flowed from Mark's genius must cease at his death. The inexhaustible mine must close when he was no more. The old levels might be worked over, but no new veins of virgin gold could be unearthed and marketed. Mark Twain's passing of the Biblical tenure of threescore-and-ten warned the publishers that this financial catastrophe could not be averted much longer. Then it was that the possibility of keeping him alive indefinitely flashed upon them. If his death, when it occurred, could be kept secret, books written by the publishers' hacks might be given to the gullible public year after year as the latest offerings of Mark Twain. And the mine would, indeed, prove inexhaustible! So with every contingency carefully provided for, it was not difficult, after Mark Twain had quietly passed away, to continue his existence. The fact that his death occurred in an obscure European village made it easy to suppress. As his last years had been spent abroad he was an unfamiliar figure to his own countrymen, and so detection of the imposture was unlikely. An impostor had, of course, to be provided. As often as seems advisable to avoid any suspicion of Mark Twain's death, no oftener, he parades himself in public. These sallies into the limelight are confined to audiences of college girls, to whom the person of the real Mark Twain is about as well known as that of Napoleon. But while his public appearances are infrequent, books and magazine articles that bear the name of Mark Twain are brought forth with rapidly recurring regularity. The conspiracy has succeeded. The public has accepted the counterfeit works as genuine. No pure-food law protects the gullible reader from mislabelled literary pabulum, and the reputation of Mark Twain has been burdened with a mass of serious and solemn writing whose weight even it can scarcely sustain. I can only hope by this exposure to relieve that sacred reputation from additional sorry burdens.

"Mark Twain's latest works have been copyrighted in the name of the Mark Twain Company. This fact has been widely commented upon by reviewers, but they have seen in it only subject for jest. It possesses a more important significance. The creation of this corporation is a convincing proof that Mark Twain is no longer alive.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK

A new portrait of her Grace with her two children, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey (on her knee) and Lady Rachel Howard.

For what possible pretext can there be for a living author incorporating himself? From the earliest day, when "our father Adam sat him down and scratched with a stick in the mould," down to the latest moment of time, when the maiden effort of the youngest scribe is struggling into print, we search in vain for an instance of a living author turning himself into a corporation.

"There is," continues Mr. Angert, "there could be, no reason for incorporating a live Mark Twain; but there was the strongest motive for incorporating the dead Mark Twain. In no other way could the conspirators obtain a valid copyright of the works they published in his name. For, their copyright in Mark Twain's name would be invalid if it was discovered that the author was dead when he applied for it; on the other hand, the discovery of the fraud would not affect the validity of any copyright granted to the Mark Twain Company.

"I find strong corroborative evidence that Mark Twain is dead in the articles of incorporation themselves. The Mark Twain Company purports to be a corporation created by Mark Twain for his sole and separate use. Certainly we would expect him to be present at its birth. He would unquestionably be a party to the incorporation of himself. It was hardly the sort of thing to leave to strangers. If his name is not signed to the articles of incorporation as one of the organizers, the conclusion is inevitable that it was impossible to obtain his signature. For such impossibility there could be but one reason—he had passed into that shadowy realm from which, in the present state of mediumistic advancement, the only signature he could furnish would be on a slate. Accordingly I turned my attention to the Mark Twain Company, and found that it was a corporation chartered by the State of New York on December 28, 1908. I examined the original articles in the Secretary of State's office and made the startling discovery that *Mark Twain was not one of the organizers of the Mark Twain Company.* His signature does not appear to the agreement which constituted him a corporation. This fact the reader can verify by referring to the corporation records of the State of New York"

Mr. Angert's next argument in his case points out that the Shade of Twain which is now walking about is a very mild mannered personage compared with the ex-Mississippi pilot. He admits that the Shade and the original Mark look alike, but this is as far as the resemblance goes. The old Mark, he says, was profoundly profane and indifferent to dress. The new Mark is a Beau Brummel, a leader of fashion with a preference for school girls and others who would recognize the original Twain on sight about as quickly as they would Napoleon Bonaparte.

As to the authorship of the last Twain book, already mentioned, Mr. Angert says: "If not Mark Twain, then who is the author? the curious will doubtless ask. Just as some anti-Shakespearians are satisfied when they convince us that Shakespeare was not the author of the plays and leave the identity of the real author in doubt, so I might content myself with proving that Mark Twain did not write "Christian Science" and "Is Shakespeare Dead?" without attempting to strip the mask from the writer who has borrowed his name. But the identity of the author is so evident that the reader has probably already guessed it. Applying the principles of deductive radiocination, made popular by Sherlock Holmes, we know that the real author is a writer unhampered by any sense of humor. He combines a mastery of all subjects of human knowledge with a complete understanding of all religions. He possesses the commercial instinct which makes him an author for revenue only. He is willing to write as the dead for the living there is in it. He is an erudite Shakespearian scholar and has read Macaulay's Essay on Bacon. Jealousy of literary honors has made him the arch enemy of Mrs. Eddy. To enumerate these essential attributes is to name the author. Other writers may lay claim to some of the qualifications; he alone possesses them all. The name springs instinctively to the lips—Elbert Hubbard."

The Missouri lawyer then goes on to explain the method by which he found in "Is Shakespeare Dead?" a cryptogram spelling the name of Elbert Hubbard.

"Of course," Mr. Angert concludes, "these statements will be emphatically denied by the bogus Mark Twain. Any such denial, rightly viewed, however, is in itself proof that Mark Twain is no more. If Mark Twain answered a mere vague rumor of his death with the statement that it was a slight exaggeration, would he, if living to-day, deny the positive statement of his death, supported as it is by incontrovertible proof? At the most, he might express some doubt as to the finality of the evidence and ask for further time to consider it. And so any emphatic denial can come only from an impostor and is proof that Mark Twain is no more. If, however, the bogus Mark Twain meets this exposure by silence, it must be construed as an admission of his guilt. The conclusion, therefore, is the same whether he denies my statement or fails to deny it, *Mark Twain is dead.*"

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HAVE you ever sat down-front in a theatre during a musical comedy or a vaudeville show and had a fresh so-called comedienne sing some silly jingle about "my Sammy" or something of that sort, and then at a particularly appealing part of the jingling doggerel suddenly flash a light in your face for the amusement of the rest of the audience? If it hasn't happened to you, you have at least seen it done. And you have also probably realized what a pleasant experience it is, in spite of the inane grin with which the victim generally tries to conceal his embarrassment. Well, that old "stunt" should never have been invented; and whatever atom of life or fun it ever had in it has long since been worked out of it. Therefore it was with real pleasure and sympathy that I read in the papers the account of the Philadelphia man who took a rough but ready way of putting an end to at least one particular phase of the nuisance. He was in a moving-picture theatre with his wife, when a comic-singer flashed a spot-light in his wife's face, at the same time singing "there's some class to a girl like that." The indignant husband immediately made a running jump onto the stage, and before anyone could interfere gave the delightfully funny comedian three or four good wallops, which put a decided crimp in his humor for the rest of that particular performance. In fact, the act was adjourned to the police court, where they played a ten-minute stand, while the judge explained that the husband was quite justified in his resentment, though his methods may have seemed a little crude. These recourses to physical violence are certainly to be deprecated, but at the same time a man cuts a pretty poor figure in any case whose wife is singled out in this way before a whole theatre-full of people. Even the intensely dignified pose is apt to fall a trifle flat at such a time. Perhaps the Philadelphian took about as good a way as any, At least, he has my sympathy. THE COLONEL.

Students of Flying.

IN these days the flying-machine has apparently become a permanent source of news. The news editor of a daily paper now looks for the nightly grist of aerial just as he assigns a permanent place to the marine news, the city hall grind, and the quotations from the stock markets. Few, however, realize that the latest craze, though nominally a scientific one, is in a real sense a return to nature. The poet rejoices in the flight of birds and the hum insects on a summer day, but not more so than the fellow who has a flying-machine bug in his brain.

This was made clear by the great inventor, Prof. Graham Bell, who paid a quiet visit to Toronto a few months ago in connection with the memorial to him at Brantford, and on his way through talked with a Toronto newspaper man. He alluded to the fact that the invention of the Wright model, primarily, was born of long days of dreaming by the two brothers, who would lie on their backs for hours to study the minutest movements of a sailing hawk or gull. He added that his own experiments with the air which have given birth to the as yet imperfect aerodrome were based on the flight of insects, especially of the heavier types of insects like the June bug,—a name which he adopted for one of his earlier machines.

There is nothing new under the sun, and it is interesting in reading of the artists of old Florence, the great centre of art-production during the Renaissance period, that flying-machines were a subject of discussion among the advanced men of the day. Nearly everyone is familiar with "The Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci and many are also acquainted with the same painters "Mona Lisa," but few are aware that he experimented with flying machines and that the drawings he made for his models are still extant. That he had something of the same theory as the Wright brothers is shown by the fact that he one day in the market purchased a basket full of pigeons and then astonished the vendor by opening the basket and letting them all fly away. The merchant thought the man mad who sacrificed so wantonly a toothsome repast. But Leonardo was merely figuring out a theory for a flying machine.

There was another great Florentine born later than Leonardo-Benvenuto Cellini—who in addition to being a great goldsmith, sculptor and worker in metals, was a sonneteer and author of the greatest autobiography ever written. He too thought about flying machines in a casual way, and it would surprise some of the Toronto gentlemen who the other day formed an Aeronautic Club to know that it was not the flight of Prof. Bell's pet June bug that occurred to him as the solution of the problem, or the birds that his fellow citizen, Leonardo, or the Messrs. Wright, of Boston, Ohio, studied. It was the much detested bat, with which everyone who visits our Canadian country-side in summer time is familiar after nightfall. Those of us who have heard many a woman scream in fear of the rapid ascents and descents of this weird beast from different planes have perhaps never thought that this thing which is neither bird nor beast has solved the "heavier than air" problem more effectually than any other creature when his weight is compared with his taut and infinitely light wings. But old Benvenuto had thought about it. In 1538 he was imprisoned in the Castle of St. Angelo for political offences. The Governor, who was of the family of the Ugolini, went insane, and though otherwise rational, would imagine himself a bat and imitate his cries.

"One day," says Cellini, "he asked me if I ever had a fancy to fly. I answered that I had always been most eager to and had done such things as come hardest to men; and as for flying, the god of nature had given me a body more than usually agile and fit for running and leaping; and so by the aid of what little wits I possessed, I could manage some kind of mechanical contrivance; and certainly I did not want the courage for the attempt. Then he began to ask me what methods I should use; to which I answered that if we observed the flying creatures, the one whose natural powers could best be imitated by art was the bat."

The result of Cellini's boast—and he was a man who firmly believed that by application he could accomplish anything—was that he was locked up behind many doors and treated with great cruelty, while previously he had been allowed much liberty. Perhaps some modern inventor will yet perfect a really useful machine from his suggestion.

King Edward has been annoyed this year at Marienbad by the crowds of people who have followed him about to stare at him and if possible to touch him, all this notwithstanding his special request that he should be quite unnoticed while taking his cure. At the Cafe Bellevue the King took coffee after attending a Wagner concert, and at all the tables about him gathered people deeply interested in watching a royal personage eat and drink. When he left, one man rushed to his deserted table and swallowed the remains of the coffee in the cup, while others battled for bits of bread, spoons and china, for which they were willing to pay high prices. The King laughed heartily when this story was told to him, but he did not laugh when a few days ago some German matrons tried to touch his overcoat in spite of frowning attendants.

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We are showing a dull calf one strap pump at $3.00 that can't be duplicated.

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SIGHTS. The famous Watson and Lyman Sights for all kinds of shooting and every kind of firearm.

AMMUNITION. Come to us for everything you need. We have the safe and sure kinds and all the best of them.

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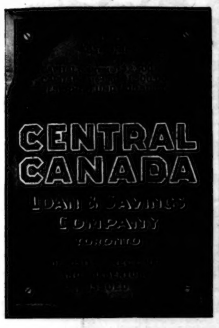

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office Boxes and Drawers," will be received at this office until 5.00 P.M., on Friday, October 1, 1909, for supplying POST OFFICE BOXES AND DRAWERS.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the offices of Mr. Thos. A. Hastings, Clerk of Works, Custom House, Toronto, and Mr. C. Desjardins, Clerk of Works, Post Office, Montreal.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
NAPOLEON TESSIER,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 14, 1909.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Ontario Jockey Club
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The Greatest Sporting and Social Event : : :

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Racing and Steeplechasing

General Admission $1.50

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GOD SAVE THE KING

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, SEPT. 16, 1909.

WHEN you see what you want, go straight for it. This sentence closely approximates the motto E. H. Harriman is said to have borrowed from Napoleon and made his own. There can be no doubt that to find the shortest distance between two points was the specialty of the man who has just taken farewell of this old earth. At eighteen he had short-cut his way to a partnership in a Wall street firm, and at twenty-two he struck the next point, being a membership on the Stock Exchange. At thirty-six he owned enough stock in the Illinois Central to assist Stuyvesant Fish to the presidency and himself to the vice-presidency. He went ahead at the milk bottle end of railroading for a time, and at forty-five was taking the measure of J. Pierpont Morgan. This was about the year 1893. Five years later he had gained the backing of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., the great financiers. Then he took his famous trip over the Union Pacific lines, and came to the conclusion that the horizontal and vertical eccentricities of that railway badly needed reducing. When he returned, he shoved through his programme, hardly asking the directors by your leave. It is said to have cost the road some $200,000,000 to straighten the zig-zags and switch-backs out of the line. But it paid in the end, and the work is sometimes said to be the greatest ever performed by Harriman. He then went on and did so many things in railroading and financing that it would take a book to tell it all. Meantime, I do not propose to worry you about it. He died, aged somewhere around sixty-two, I think, and out of his life of activity I shall recall a few incidents.

⁂

The N. P. Corner.—The Northern Pacific corner will be remembered by all brokers whose experiences run back a decade. It was the most spectacular corner the world has ever seen. Yet, strange as it may appear, no one knew for some time after who really was the man behind the gun. That it was Harriman I need not explain to the reader. Harriman, in fact, was still hardly known as of sufficient stature to make such a stampede; yet it was only eight years ago, and the man whose wealth is now estimated at some $200,000,000, and whose sickness was spoken of as that of a king or an emperor, was about fifty-four years of age, and was still hardly known. The corner was the result of the rival interests of Harriman and his backers on the one side, and Jim Hill and Pierpont Morgan on the other. Both sides wanted control of the Northern Pacific, which road paralelled Jim Hill's Great Northern, and each side seemed to think that it had secured it. But as it became necessary to ascertain who really was the victor, a show-down of stock became necessary. The buying of Northern Pacific became active and prices advanced; the activity increased and the price ran up to 200, and financiers began to sit up and take notice.

The most recent and best photograph of E. H. Harriman. Made on board ship as he sailed for Europe in June.

⁂

May 9, 1901.

Brokers came down to their offices on the morning of May 9, 1901, anticipating some excitement in N. P. And they got it. It was probably the most exciting day the majority of them had ever seen or ever will see. Northern Pacific came in over the ticker at 200. Then it ran up to 250, and shortly went to 300 and 350. Everyone thought the ticker had gone wrong; but the price still ran up, and meantime the price of everything else was setting down hill at a rapid gait. Even while the watchers turned on their heels they found N. P. had jumped 50 points. Who before ever saw anything like it? But the worst was still to come. It jumped at much as 100 points at a time. Presently it was 500, then 600, then 750, and shortly 1,000 was shown. For every share of Northern Pacific, $1,000 would be paid. The excitement was something not easily forgotten. Meantime, the rest of the market was steadily dropping. Every minute saw the quotation reduced a point, and in half an hour the market must have sunk 25 to 30 points. Under such circumstances no firm could be certain where it stood. Financial crashes were in order for the following day, and for many days to come.

⁂

Hon. Tupper Lost a Wad.

Sir Charles Tupper was in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on his way back to Canada on the memorable day. His secretary knew that Sir Charles had the certificates for many shares of N.P., possibly in excess of 200. Unfortunately, they were unsigned. It is said that, upon advice, he requested the Bank of Montreal to become sponsor for the certificates and for his power of attorney. Quite possibly he obtained their consent. All to no avail, however, for the certificates had to be delivered in the morning. Nothing but the properly signed documents would count as votes. Sir Charles was reached by wire, upon landing, and as there was a few hundred thousand dollars at stake, he took a special train to try and affix his signature in time. Alas, by the time he reached here, it was too late. You could have duplicated his bunch of certificates the next day for $40,000. The moral of which is, leave your certificates signed. Other Canadians held certificates which they delivered, and a special train carried a nice little parcel of them down from Montreal.

⁂

Firm Was Heavily Hit.

A well-known, large and powerful firm of local brokers was said to have been in a condition of bankruptcy on the day of the corner. They held an enormous quantity of stocks and the slump hit them hard. How hard, they would probably not care to discuss with themselves, even to-day. It was a case of being hanged anyway; they might as well take the sheep as the lamb. So, all day long, at the low price, they bought stocks. Since that day the firm has been enormously rich. The market recovered at a bound the following day, and the advance in price not only put them back where they were before but added many millions to their worth. It was like Cook or Peary trusting to ice floes to cross the open stretches of water. They had to do it if they wanted to get to the Pole. So they did it—at least, each says he did.

⁂

Estimate of Harriman.

Harriman did not pass through this world without hearing some opinions of himself, which, during the old theology days, should have left him a little nervous as to the reception he would receive in the world to come. On Sept. 28, 1907, the N. Y. World, in an open letter, called upon the directors of the Union Pacific to treat him as a Jonah if they wished to save the ship. They accused him of using the funds of the Equitable Life, of which he was a director, for stock jobbing operations, and recalled the Chicago and Alton deal whereby he had inflated the capital from $31,303,000 to $114,000,000. They charged him with political corruption, saying: "He thought he was bribing the President of the United States and was insuring to himself, by purchase, proprietory control over government regulation of railway affairs." It may, in fact, have been with reference to this that President Roosevelt read him that severe lesson which placed them both in their proper positions in front of the people of the United States.

⁂

The N. P. Dividends.—It may have been in Aug., 1906, that the world was startled by the announcement of an increase from 6 per cent. to 10 per cent., in the dividend of the Union Pacific. It was said at the time that Harriman voted the thing through by himself. This was doubtless a little piece of sarcasm; but to this day it is believed that it was a pure stock-jobbing steal. It has brought more discredit to Harriman than almost anything else during his life. Theoretically, directors may have a right to do as they wish with dividends, but the public will not and should not overlook all things. Harriman was a great man. He did things. Take that engineering problem of forcing the Colorado River through a new channel a few years ago. It was inundating the country, the government was slow and unwieldy; so, at a cost of a million, it is said, he did the work himself. He went straight to the point and overturned barriers which stop the rest of us. Perhaps that is what greatness consists in; at any rate, the great of all time have done it.

T. C. A.

⁂

TORONTO, Sept. 16, 1909.

THERE is a more marked advance in the rates for money this week. This is no surprise. It had been expected, and was generally welcomed. Rates in the big markets had been abnormally low for a long time, being due in a large measure to the limited volume of trade and dulness in the industries. The firmer rates at the present time is an indication of expansion, and the return of confidence in the commercial world. Instead of apprehension the change is accompanied with a feeling of hopefulness. That we are on the eve of general prosperity is apparent, and a greatly increased demand for money is the natural outcome. A return to normal activity in money does not mean that securities are to go down. But rather the reverse. Abnormally high or low rates for money are generally reflected by depression on the stock exchange. High prices for farm produce and metals generally accompany good times. No one will question that farmers are getting big returns for their produce, and it is evident that the prices of metals are steadily advancing.

⁂

Pools Not Necessary.

It is common enough to hear in the Wall Street district the reports that Mr. Morgan and some of his powerful moneyed associates have formed a pool for the purpose of forcing the steel common stock up to par. But those who know the real situation do not believe that it was necessary to form any speculative pool of that kind. When men like Frank A. Munsey, after having carefully studied the situation, buy outright 100,000 shares of steel common stock and 50,000 shares of the perferred, as Mr. Munsey's friends say he did not long ago, then it is absurd to presume that Mr. Morgan has been engineering a speculative pool with intent to hoist prices of steel stock.

⁂

Knew Too Much.

Some big speculators have suffered heavily from having been too well informed of Mr. Harriman's condition last week. It seemed a certainty to sell stocks on what they knew, and that is why, perhaps, it was not. There is nothing so disastrous in speculation as a certainty.

⁂

Stocks Quiet.

The movement in stocks locally has been at a low ebb recently. The market fails to attract outsiders; and it is no doubt owing to the small speculative account that the recent depression on Wall Street failed to have any decided influence on the prices of domestic securities. They have held remarkably well, and in some instances advances were required. There were few, if any, small-marginal accounts, and in consequence no anxiety existed. The bright outlook for trade and comparatively low rates for money are the bullish factors. Canadian Pacific has not shown the buoyancy expected from the publication of its yearly report. The gross earnings were $76,313,320, while the net were only $22,955,573, the former showing an increase of $4,100,000 over 1907, and the latter a decrease of $2,350,000. The decrease in the purchasing power of money accounts for the relatively poor net earnings. It is this that is affecting most

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

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$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

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No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
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Money risked makes your future uncertain.
Money invested in *SEASONED BONDS* gives you a steady income of 4½ to 5¼ per cent. Your income is never interrupted, never suspended, and the principal easily realized.
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HOME BANK IN MANITOBA.

The Home Bank of Canada has opened a new branch office at Neepawa, Man. Mr. C. E. Graham is local manager.

WHEN GOING TO MONTREAL

Remember that the Grand Trunk Railway System is the only double-track route and four trains leave Toronto daily—7.15 a.m., 9 a.m., 8.30 p.m. and 10.15 p.m. The day ride via the 9 a.m. train, with Lake Ontario or the St. Lawrence River in sight most of the way, is delightful, and Montreal is reached at 6 p.m. This train carries parlor-library-cafe cars and Pullmans. The 8.30 and 10.15 p.m. (The Business Man's Train), carry Pullman sleepers, the latter having four or more daily. If a trip through the 1,000 Islands is desired, Pullman sleeper on 10.15 p.m. train will take you to Kingston Wharf, where connection is made with R. and O. steamers for Montreal. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

IN spite of the reputation for latitudinarianism he gained from his early trial for heresy, the late Professor Jowett, of Oxford, was intolerant of pretentiousness and shallow conceit. One self-satisfied undergraduate met the master one day.

"Master," he said, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God."

"Mr.——," replied the master, after a shorter pause than usual, "if you don't find a God by five o'clock this afternoon you must leave this college."

Hostess—It's beginning to rain. You'll get wet. I think you'd better stay to dinner.

Departing Guest—Oh, dear no! It's not raining so badly as all that. —Sydney Bulletin.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is meant by a 'Sabbath day's journey'?"

"I am afraid, my son, that in many cases it means twice around the golf links."—Tit-Bits.

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RECORD PASSAGE—The Turbine S.S. Victorian has made the fastest passage on record between Liverpool and Montreal—6 days 15 hours 3 minutes.

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL

Tunisian	Sept. 10	Oct. 8	Nov. 5
Victorian	Sept. 17	Oct. 15	Nov. 11
Corsican	Sept. 24	Oct. 22	Nov. 19
Virginian	Oct. 1	Oct. 29	

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

Pretorian	Sept. 11	Oct. 9	Nov. 6
Hesperian	Sept. 18	Oct. 16	Nov. 13
Ionian	Sept. 25	Oct. 23	Nov. 20
Grampian	Oct. 2	Oct. 30	

MONTREAL TO LONDON VIA HAVRE, FRANCE

A weekly service of one class. "Second cabin" steamers. Superior accommodation. Moderate rates.

For full particulars apply "THE ALLAN LINE," General Agency for Ontario, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto.

HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION
Sept. 25 to Oct. 9

The route running along the Hudson River and hence the only line by which the points of historic interest can be seen.

Tickets by this line include the privilege of travelling in either direction without additional charge between New York and Albany via steamers of Hudson River (Day) Line or People's (Night) Line.

NEW YORK AND RETURN $15.85
Canadian Pacific—New York Central Lines.
Ask for descriptive literature.

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ANNUAL
WESTERN EXCURSIONS
SEPT. 16th, 17th, 18th

FROM TORONTO TO

	Return Fare.
Port Huron, Mich.	$5.10
Detroit, Mich.	6.60
Chicago, Ill.	12.40
Bay City, Mich.	7.50
Cleveland, Ohio (via B. & C.)	6.35
Cleveland, Ohio (via D. & C.)	9.10
Grand Rapids, Mich.	9.35
Saginaw, Mich.	7.40
St. Paul, Minn. } (via Sarnia)	21.90
Minneapolis, Minn } (via Chicago)	28.40

Proportionate rates from all points in Ontario.

Return limit, October 4th.

Full information at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

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LOW RATES
Via Steamers
Toronto and Kingston
3.00 p.m Daily, Except Sunday
Running all the Rapids

Montreal and Return,	$19.00
Quebec " "	$26.75
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INCLUDING MEALS AND BERTH

Ticket Office—2 King St. East
H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, A.G.P.A., Toronto

CANADIAN NORTHERN
Change of Time
September 13
Lake Shore Express
Trains 3 & 4 Withdrawn

Connection to and from all parts of Muskoka Lakes will continue to be made by Trains 1 and 6.

Time of arrival and departure Toronto Union Station will be as follows:—

Leave Union Station	9.00 a.m.,	5.15 p.m.
Arrive Union Station	10.30 a.m.,	5.30 p.m.

Observation-Dining-Parlor cars operated on all trains. Offices corner of King and Toronto, and Union Station. Main 5179.

railways and the earning power of a large number of business concerns. The high cost of labor and material has so reduced the purchasing power of money that it is becoming a question of the greatest moment what the ultimate results will be. The surplus of the C.P.R., without reference to the land holdings, is $35,164,830. Then the company owns 8,437,594 acres of land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, as well as 4,503,505 acres in British Columbia. The average sales of land last year in the Prairie Provinces were $13.52 per acre.

***

Wheat in Abundance.

According to the Dominion Government crop bulletin, issued a few days ago, the revenue from the cereal crops of this country this year, should, in the aggregate, yield something over $50,000,000 more than last year. The total value of the crops is estimated (at first cost) at $500,000,000, and the increase over last year is therefore 10 per cent. The condition of the grain crops in Canada on Sept. 1st, was really better than had been expected. The yield of wheat in all the Provinces was 168,386,000 bushels, or 43,696,000 bushels more than a year ago. All the Provinces, with the exception of Ontario, show substantial gains in the yields of wheat, barley and oats But aside from the three North-west Provinces and Ontario, very little wheat is grown, and they are all importers of this cereal. The Prairie Provinces this year give an increase of no less than 45,231,000 bushels in wheat, 79,942,000 bushels in oats, and 7,942,000 bushels in barley.

The high prices of wheat seem to puzzle the trade. North America produces by far the greatest amount of wheat in the world—about a third of the full supply. This year the yield is some 882,000,000 bushels, 80,000,000 bushels more than last year, or 50,000,000 bushels more than the crop of 1906, when the United States production was exceptionally large. Many speculators are at present onlookers, waiting for the mists to clear away. They hope that by the end of September complications will have cleared up so as to be able to determine whether there is a likelihood of the piling up of a burdensome surplus of spring wheat, whether by that time the Canadian crop will be on the bargain counter, and whether or not there will be a movement of winter wheat to market commensurate with the milling calls, which will also by that time be somewhat smaller than recently, if precedent is followed. In a broad view, there is no real weakness in the world's wheat situation, although as an immediate commercial proposition it would seem as though it might be a very tiresome proposition to hold either the Canadian or United States surplus of spring wheat until the world's demand should come for it.

***

F. N. Burt Company.

Some very successful flotations have been made in Canada recently. It may be due to the inducements offered investors in many of the new flotations of securities that the public seem disinclined to operate in the older issues listed on the Stock Exchange. The latest issue offered by the well-known firm of A. E. Ames & Co., is $750,000 of 7 per cent. cumulative convertible preference shares, with 20 per cent. bonus in common stock of the F. N. Burt Company (Limited). The subscription books are now open at the offices of the brokers named, and will close not later than 4 o'clock on Tuesday next. The F. N. Burt Company has acquired the businesses of several well-known concerns, including the F. N. Burt Company of Buffalo, N.Y., manufacturers of small paper boxes; The Morton Company, Limited, and the Merchants' Counter Check Book Company, Limited, of Toronto, together with the Canadian business of the Carter-Crume Co., Limited, the three last named companies being manufacturers of counter check books, or merchants' sales books.

One attractive feature is the convertibility of the preference stock into common shares. Very often in successful concerns the earnings warrant a larger dividend on the common stock than of the preferred. In the case of the Burt Company there is only a small mortgage charge on one piece of real estate amounting to $49,000, with interest at 4½ per cent., which ranks ahead of the preference shares. Another strong feature of the company is that net assets, over and above liabilities, irrespective of good will and patent rights, exceed the amount of the preference stock.

Count Geza Zichy, president of the National Conservatory of Music, at Budapest, celebrated his sixtieth birthday on July 23. Referring to the event, a Vienna paper speaks of him as a unique figure in the musical world. "If we are justified in saying that Raphael would have been a great painter, even if he had no arms," says the writer, "we may certainly say that Zichy was a great pianist, although he had but one arm. He was fourteen years old when he lost his right arm on a hunting tour, but nothwithstanding this handicap he continued the study of music, and became so proficient as a performer that he played with great skill the works of Chopin and other composers. In 1866 he made his first appearance before the public as a pianist, and has since that time played at hundreds of concerts, always for the benefit of some charitable institution. He composed several operas, and in 1891 became the director of the Hungarian opera at Budapest."

Pension Commissioner Warner's annual report for the fiscal year just closed will show that there are now 947,708 beneficiaries on the pension rolls of the United States. This is the smallest number of pensioners reported at any time since 1892, seventeen years ago. Two years ago the pension roll passed the 1,000,000 mark. There is now only one pensioner on the roll on account of the Revolutionary War. She is Phœbe M. Palmer of West Edmeston, New Jersey. She is the daughter of Jonathan Wooley, who served in a New Hampshire regiment under General Washington, and was pensioned by a special act of Congress.

King Edward is a clergyman, although few people seem to be aware of the fact. He is prebendary of St. David's in Wales and gets a salary of $5 a year. He is entitled to preach one sermon a year in the cathedral. He is also a member of the English and Irish bars and a member of the Royal College of Physicians.

Professor Korn of Munich has established stations of distance photography at Berlin, Munich, Paris, London, Copenhagen, and Stockholm. He believes it will soon be possible to take pictures at a distance, not only of individuals, but of groups and scenes.

The Finnish Senate, which has power to award each year prizes varying from three hundred to twelve hundred dollars to authors and artists, has this year voted an annual life pension of one thousand dollars to Finland's foremost composer, Jean Sibelius.

As to Methuselah's Age.

"METHUSELAH loses his famous record, for his 969 reputed years are whittled down to 783." Thus says The Jewish World in a discussion of Jewish characteristics.

There has always existed a certain amount of doubt even among believers in the literal truth of the Bible concerning the great age to which the Jewish patriarchs are recorded as having lived. Some of the theories evolved to reduce the Biblical records of this kind to something near the allotted span of man are dealt with in the article.

It is surmised, The Jewish World says, that in the earliest times the month, the period of a moon cycle, was called a year. Thus Adam's 930 years of life, calculating a year at 29½ days, the length of a lunar month, works out to 75¼ years. After the month year there came a five month year, the limit of five being derived from the fingers on one hand, it being remembered that primitive people always used the fingers for counting purposes. Then came the twelve month year.

Excuse for this rearrangement is found in the Psalmist's limit of life of three score and ten years, and it is maintained that between the times of Noah and David no such extraordinary change could have taken place as to reduce the life of man by eleven-twelfths. On the five month year basis Abraham's 175 years work out at 72 and Isaac's 180 at 74.

Perhaps, too, there intervened a six month year, discovered by Jacob while watching Laban's flocks. Thus Jacob's 147 years work out at about 73. The twelve month year began with the Egyptians, who saw that a complete period was made up of the two "years," in one of which the days were longer than the nights and in the other the nights longer than the days.

The Christian and Jewish years, concludes The Jewish World, will not forever be separated, "for," it says, "in due course Rosh Hashona will fall at Christmas time and then catch up the Christian year. This, however, will not happen for 30,000 years, and no doubt that is the reason why nobody worries about it."

Winston's Comfortable Costume.

THE London correspondent of The New York Sun writes:

All yesterday afternoon, all through the night and on until breakfast time this morning, for eighteen weary hours, the House of Commons discussed the budget. The only relief afforded to the tired legislators was provided by Winston Churchill.

A Conservative member, who was speaking when the first rays of the sun began to struggle through the interstices of the heavy curtains, complained that it was all very well for the President of the Board of Trade to spend the night in a pyjama suit and to sleep in his room between the divisions. Ministerialists treated the remark as an ill timed jest, but a few minutes later, when another division had been called, Winston Churchill was seen strolling down the floor of the House wearing a pair of slippers delightfully suggestive of the domestic hearth, a comfortable looking flannel suit and what appeared to be a gracefully flowing pink collar of ample proportions.

The roar of laughter that greeted him seemed to stagger even the complacent Winston, and he hurried to his seat on the Treasury bench. Joyous hilarity prevailed in the House as Churchill's head sank into the folds of his pink collar and his hands were clasped around his neck in a vain endeavor to hide the gorgeous circlet. Turning with a solemn and reproving countenance to his colleague, the Chancellor of the Exchequer exclaimed:

"Oh, and pink, of all colors!" This was too much for Churchill, who was now blushing furiously, and he hurriedly left the House with the laughter of 200 members ringing in his ears; but throughout the morning hours he reappeared for every division in the same comfortable garb.

Mr. Wells Pokes Up His Brethren.

MR. H. G. WELLS joins Mr. Kipling in thumping the contemporary Briton. Mr. Wells is mad because the British don't take more promptly and earnestly to wings. M. Bleriot, who first flew across the channel, is a Frenchman, and Mr. Wells grumbles that Americans, Frenchmen, Germans and Brazilians are in the new aerial game, but Englishmen not. "Our homes and schools," he says, "are relatively dull and uninspiring; there is no intellectual guide or stir in them, and to that we owe this new generation of nicely behaved, unenterprising sons, who play golf and dominate the tailoring of the world," while the youth of other nations fly.

It is a sad case, of course; but may there not be a little drop of consolation for these British complainants in the reflection that the first thought and purpose of the Continental flyers is to improve the facilities for getting to England. Inasmuch as the English are already in England, and like it there, is it not natural that they should be slow to tease the powers of the air for means to get away?

The fault of the contemporary Briton seems to be that he is too nearly contented. He likes what he has got and, perhaps, is sluggish in the pursuit of change. If he also values his neck somewhat higher than other people, it is no more, after all, than one should expect.—New York Life.

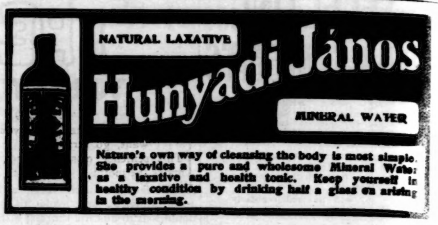
Israel Zangwill remarks that the attitude of many toward the suffragists appears to be the old axiom of our school days: "Them as asks sha'n't have; them as don't ask don't want."

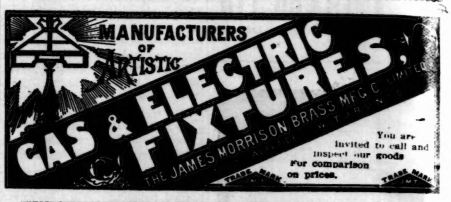
The black goat probably furnishes the largest amount of fresh milk for the Chinese people. A white goat is scarcer in China than is a black sheep in America. Owing to the general lack of dairying throughout China, Manchuria excepted, the manufacturer of condensed milks has found the market a profitable one.

Gustavus V., King of Sweden, is faced by many serious problems, the outgrowth of the great strike. The state railroads are likely to be effected. The king is the great-grandson of the Marshal Bernadotte, who was the son of a French innkeeper.

A French chemist has recently proclaimed that cider is an antidote for typhoid fever. The acid in it is the agent, as it destroys the germs. Cider in Europe is more generally used as a beverage than in this country. Germans appear to prefer cider after it becomes sour, but Americans usually prefer it while it is sweet.

John Pollen, president of the British Esperanto Association, bearing a green flag with a single star, which is the emblem of the association and signifies "Brotherhood and Justice Between Nations," recently arrived from Europe and will be entertained by the American devotees of that language.





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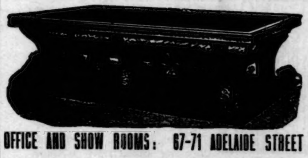

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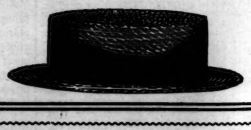

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LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

LONDON, September 1st, 1909.

"HATS for monoplaning." This advertisement appears in an Oxford Street window, and the papers have suggestions for the proper clothes to wear in the flying machines. All this apropos of Rheims (there was almost as much interest displayed in the proper manner in which to pronounce the name as in the flying men themselves) also apropos of Rheims, there is a good deal of "Wake up England" among the more thoughtful speakers and writers. It is impossible for anyone to ignore the fact that England did not make a good showing in the late contests and, in fact, has not exhibited the keen interest one might have expected in the conquest of the air which is the topic of the day. The more enterprising and wide-awake section of the public realizes that it does not do for England to rest on her laurels; she must keep going ahead too. In this connection the Daily Mail is giving prominence to the articles by its special correspondent who is now in Toronto, dealing with the number of opportunities lost by the English manufacturers. The T. Eaton Co. is cited as an example of a large firm placing most of its orders with foreign concerns, owing they say, for the most part, to the lack of enterprise of the British manufacturer of the old school.

* * *

ONE of the features of the dead season in London or the brand-new one, I am not sure which this is theatrically, is the hit made by the French-Canadian prima donna, Mme. Beatrice LaPalme, who sang for the first time in English, in opera, at the Lyric Theatre, where the Moody-Manners Company are engaged, and made an immediate conquest of the audience. Her "Marguerite" is absolutely charming, for she has dramatic power and more than the average of good looks in addition to a rich clear voice. The audience took to her from the first and gave her a generous meed of applause. After the Jewel song she was recalled five times.

Mme. LaPalme, who is still in her twenties, won a violin scholarship, presented by Lord Strathcona, when she was only fourteen. This entitled her to study at the Royal College of Music, in London, and after working for a time she found that her voice was worth cultivating. She studied with Garcia and Miss Rowe and made such good progress that a career was prophesied for her. Soon after she was in her old home, Montreal, a few years ago, she made her debut at the Covent Garden Opera

Mme. Beatrice La Palme, the Canadian prima-donna, who is now performing in Europe with signal success.

House, singing in "La Boheme" with Melba and Bonci. From there she went to France, and for four years has been singing at the Opera Comique, Paris—a fact which in itself, speaks well for her ability. Now she has made a three-year contract with the Moody-Manners Company and when their stay in London is over leaves for a thirty-six weeks' tour in the provinces.

"And what after that?" was asked the young singer.

"Who knows?" she said, "You see I did get an offer from the Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, which I was not able to accept. Perhaps some of these days I shall be singing over there, but for the next three years I belong to Great Britain. There was a story in the New York papers that I had been engaged by Hammerstein of New York, for the Manhattan, but there was not a word of truth in it."

Mme. LaPalme is a Montreal lady, and proud of Canada and its future. She hopes to pay a visit to her native land when she has a holiday next summer, and may be heard in both Montreal and Toronto. She speaks English excellently, and although she had never sung in opera in that language before, has learned her parts in Lohengrin, Tannhauser and Faust since the first of August. From this one may infer, a la Sherlock Holmes, that she believes in hard work, and keeping constantly at it if any success is to be gained.

* * *

THE fat and humorous Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton writes a book about George Bernard Shaw, and that gentleman promptly uses two pages of The Nation telling the world what he thinks of what Mr. Chesterton thinks of him. Amongst other things too numerous to cite, he says that Mr. Chesterton loves fairy tales. He must have begun, thinks "G. B. S." on Huxley and George Eliot, and must have read "Jack the Killer" for the first time in the budding vigour of his manhood and read it as a work of art. Mr. Shaw further thinks that the other gentleman needs a sane Irishman to look after him, and suggests that the editor of The Nation open a subscription to send him to Ireland for two years. Following Mr. Shaw's directions he will find "the facts will be firm under his feet whilst the heavens are open over his head."

"G. B. S." is an egotist but he is an amusing one and original, which is something of a bromide I suppose. I had an idea of interviewing him and wrote asking him to give me his views on the "living-in system" for shop-girls. Back came photograph of the author with this answer:

"Tell your editor that my terms are £10 per minute with a minimum of ten minutes.

"I expressed my views on living-in at Queen's Hall the other night. Do you really think it reasonable to ask me to express them over again? I think you are a very unreasonable lady! G. B. S." But on the whole perhaps this makes almost as good copy as the "living-in" chat would have been.

* * *

MME. LAPALME'S success recalls the fact that Canada has given a fair number of musical celebrities to the world. There is Albani for example, and of course Donalda, who was Pauline Lightstone of Montreal, and a pupil at the Royal Victoria College, of Miss Clara Lichtenstein; also Kathleen Parlow who is being talked of as someone with a future before her, and Miss Edith Miller who is a great favorite here, and Mr. Edmund Burke and Mr. Rykert, and as the society columns say "many others."

M. E. MACL. M.

Flying is Profitable.

A GOOD many people are puzzled to know how all the men engaged in aeroplane experiments make a living. This extract from the London correspondence of The New York Sun will throw light on this subject:

The week's aeroplaning at Rheims has opened the eyes of aviators to their own commercial value. This was soon found out by the advance agents, who when the Rheims week was over were seeking for entries for future meetings. Paulhan was booked for the Spa week at $1,000 a day, Farman at $600 and Sommer at $5,000 for the week. Latham refused an offer, but is believed to have signed for $43,750 for Berlin and Bleriot for $50,000 for Vienna.

The Rheims committee has also found out that there is money in aviating. It has a surplus of some $60,000 which it doesn't know what to do with, and it proposes to found a permanent prize for flying. Most of this surplus comes from the profits of the restaurant on the course, which rented the privilege on condition of paying 20 per cent. to the committee after it had made its first $10,000 net profit. In this restaurant alone 35,000 bottles of champagne were drunk during the week, and as charges for everything were exorbitant the profits were proportionately large.

The scene around the railway station on the last night of the week has never been paralleled in Reims. There must have been at least 15,000 persons crowded in front of it struggling to reach the trains, which were despatched in every direction as fast as they could be brought up without regard to the time table. Trains were running in every direction as soon as they were filled, and barricades were put up not only outside all the doors but inside, with placards announcing which was the platform to take.

It often cost twice as much as the price of the ticket in tips to get on the platform. People who arrived at 8 did not get away until past 1 in the morning, and thousands gave it up as hopeless and sought shelter in the town, many not going to bed at all.

The Lycee was thrown open as a public shelter and was quickly filled with a mass of men, women and children, who slept on the floor or where ever they could huddle together. At Bethany there was not a table to be had from 7 o'clock onward, nor any way of reaching town after 8 except by fighting into a tramcar, which took indefinite hours to cover the three miles, being ironically cheered all the way by those who were tramping it and who offered to help it along.

Sixty years have passed since Laurence Oliphant, the notable journalist, traveller, and novelist of that day, stood sponsor for the introduction of the cigarette into England by being the first person of note to smoke the slender paper-covered little rolls of tobacco publicly in London. At that time smoking was regarded as vicious and vulgar. "Do you wish to be taken for an omnibus conductor?" was Charles Grenville's question to younger men of his acquaintance whom he found smoking in the region of St. James's. But with the introduction of the cigarette, that condemnation of tobacco began to wane, for not only did the cigarette avoid the clumsiness of the pipe and the heavy flavor of the cigar, but it also for the first time offered to English smokers the rare charm and delicacy of Turkish tobacco. For it was from Turkey and the Near East that the cigarette was introduced into England.

Apropos of Lord Kitchener's appointment as High Commissioner in the Mediterranean an interesting incident in the career of this distinguished soldier not generally known has found currency. After the fall of Khartoum in 1885 an enormous quantity of stores had to be destroyed owing to the want of transport. Among them was about 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition which was ordered to be thrown into the Nile. The duty of superintending its destruction fell to Kitchener, and when it was finished he found to his dismay that the contents of two of the boxes thrown into the river were not ammunition but each contained 10,000 gold sovereigns.

A Dutchman named Huizer has invented a machine that turns out glasses or cups fashioned of pure ice. One restaurant at The Hague has been serving drinks for the last few weeks with great success in these ice tumblers. The method of manufacture is said to be very simple. Once made the vessels can be kept in an ice chest until needed. There is no fear of premature melting, as the glasses retain their shape for fully half an hour, even when hot drinks are poured into them. It is also asserted that they are absolutely hygienic.

The Oberammergau passion plays will be given next year from May 11 to September 25. The burgomaster issued a notice the other day reminding the men that they must now let their hair grow long.

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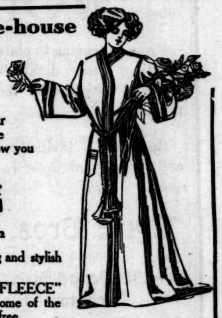

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A VERY interesting event will be on next Saturday at the Lambton Golf Club. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gray, friends of Mr. Austin of "Spadina," who is the "fairy god-father" of the Lambton Club, will arrive out from their home in London, England, next week, reaching Toronto on Friday. They have in their party four renowned lady golfers, Miss Dorothy Campbell, present open-champion of Great Britain; Miss Teacher, past Scottish champion; Miss Temple, leading Westward-Ho player, and Miss Sparling, leading Blackheath player. These ladies are on their way to Merrion, Pa., to play in the United States open championships match. On Saturday morning, September 25, the four ladies will play against four Canadian ladies, and in the afternoon these eight ladies will play a mixed foursome with eight picked gentlemen players. While all this is of great interest to golfers, the outside social world will be interested in various little luncheons and dinners which are *en train* for the welcome of the English players, who will probably echo Rhona Adairs' opinion of the Lambton Club and its officers and members.

Invitations are out to a wedding reception to be given at four o'clock on Saturday, October 9th, by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Adams, at their home 55 Glen Road, after the wedding ceremony between their daughter, Miss Augustine Marie Adams and Mr. Douglas Laird, has been privately celebrated.

The Church of Epiphany, Parkdale, was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday afternoon, when the marriage was solemnized of Dr. Hector Morrison McNeil, B.A., Latchford, Ontario, son of Mr. J. J. McNeil, of Toronto, and Miss Wyona Grace (Nona) Croft, youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. Croft, of Parkdale. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dainty wedding gown of white marquisette over liberty satin, trimmed with Venetian point embroidery with pearls, a tulle veil hemmed with pearls and caught with a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower of white roses and lily of the valley. She wore the groom's gift, a handsome necklace of pearls and diamonds. Miss Carrie Croft, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and wore a Princess gown of yellow silk crepe de chene and black picture hat, and carried a shower bouquet of pale pink carnations. Miss Anne McNeil, sister of the groom, and Miss Vivian Spence, were bridesmaids, also wearing yellow silk crepe de chene with large black velvet picture hats, and carrying crush hat baskets of pale pink carnations. Mr. Marshall P. Stanbury was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Anthony W. Croft and Mr. James R. Todd, of Latchford. The groom's gifts to the attendant maids were handsomely carved gold bracelets, to the groomsman gold cuff links, and to the ushers gold watch fobs. A reception was afterwards held at Parkview Mansions, the residence of the bride's father, and later Dr. and Mrs. McNeil left for a trip to the Eastern States before leaving for their home in Latchford in the Cobalt district, the bride travelling in navy blue broadcloth trimmed with black soutache braid and black picture hat with touches of white.

A new portrait of Lady Dalmeny, nee Miss Dorothy Grosvenor, whose marriage to Lord Dalmeny, eldest son of the Earl of Rosebery, a few months ago, in London, was one of the events of the season. Lady Dalmeny is reputed to have strong political ambitions.

Miss Marjory MacMurchy has been appointed Assistant Librarian at Toronto University.

Mr. and Mrs. John King and Miss King have returned to town and opened their home in Grange road.

Herr Rudolf Ruth, who made a fortune last winter by the discovery of a process of reproducing colored photographs, is taking a trip on his new yacht, the "Bim," in German waters. Frau Ruth and Frau Grafenham (Lena Ruth) are with him. Toronto friends are glad of his success.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry O'Flynn are expected home shortly. They have been enjoying a trip round Lake Champlain, and are registered at the Hotel Champlain, a lovely spot.

On the 11th inst., at St. Stephen's church, by the Rev. Dr. Broughall and Rev. James Broughall, Miss Frances Muriel Cronyn, daughter of the late Benjamin Cronyn and of Mrs. Cronyn, of Toronto, and granddaughter of the late Bishop Cronyn, was married to Mr. Herbert M. T. Haultain, youngest son of the late Major General F. M. Haultain. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Charles B. Cronyn, wore a travelling suit of pongee silk and cream hat with pink roses, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. She was attended by Miss Edith Hewitt, of Brantford, as maid of honor, who wore a pale blue satin gown and black hat and carried yellow chrysanthemums. The best man was the groom's cousin, the Hon. Frederick Haultain, ex-Premier of the North-West Territory. The service was attended by the relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom. After the ceremony the bridal party left for a honeymoon trip to the North. On their return they will reside at 163 Heath street.

On the evening of November 4th, the Prince George Hotel will be the rendezvous of smart society, for on that date a charming dance is to be given there in aid of St. John's Hospital Mission. This festivity had been begun too late in the season, and it was decided to open begun to late in the season, and it was decided to open the present season instead of close the past one with it. A meeting was held on Thursday at the Prince George to complete arrangements, and Mrs. Machell reported most favorably. The ladies who have promised their patronage are, Lady Whitney, Lady Falconbridge, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mrs. Arnoldi, Mrs. Auden, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Mrs. Temple Blackwood, Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mrs. F. W. Broughall, Mrs. F. W. Cawthra, Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. J. J. Dixon, Mrs. J. C. Eaton, Mrs. R. B. Fudger Mrs. Raynold Gamble, Mrs. W. K. George, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Willie Ince, Mrs. C. C. James, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. J. B. Kay, Mrs. A. E. Kemp, Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. H. T. Machell, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. D. D. Mann, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Wilmot Matthews, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. J. B. O'Brian, Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mrs. J. J. Palmer, Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Fred Plumb, Mrs. James Plummer, Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mrs. J. F. W. Ross, Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mrs. J. F. Smith, Mrs. E. W. Spragge, Mrs. H. S. Strathy, Mrs. Byron E. Walker and Mrs. J. W. B. Walsh.

Dr. and Mrs. Carveth are back from their summer place at Go Home Bay.

Dr. and Mrs. Holford Walker, who have spent the summer on their Island in Georgian Bay, have returned to Isabella street.

Last Friday evening an At Home was given by the young ladies of Summerholm' Y. W. C. Guild Cottage at Hanlan's Point, about sixty being present. During the evening a very handsome club bag was presented to Mrs. K. H. Smith, and a hearty vote of thanks tendered her in appreciation of her services during the past season, which has been a very successful one.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Brown, of St. George street, are at Haddon Hall, Atlantic City, for a few weeks.

Mrs. Frederick C. Paul will receive in her apartment at The Alexandra, Queen's avenue, on the first and third Wednesdays during the season.

Mr. Wesley Freeman, of Burlington, announces the engagement of his only daughter, Edna, to Mr. Will Dalton, eldest son of Mr. John Dalton. Their marriage will take place on October 21.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Meldrum announce the engagement of their only daughter, Miss Mary Hariette Meldrum, and Mr. Ernest Greene, eldest son of Rev. Canon Greene, of Orillia. Their marriage will take place the latter part of October.

Mr. Boyd Magee is spending a week in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gooch, of Wrentham Villa, have returned from Bowmanville.

At the Alexandra on Wednesday night, an attractive theatre party filled two boxes to see "The Wolf," a well acted play. Miss Adams, Miss McGill and Miss Blaikie were of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King celebrated their tin wedding (tenth anniversary) on Tuesday evening, by a dinner at the Lambton Club. Some of their guests were Colonel D. M. Robertson, Dr. and Mrs. D. King Smith, Dr. and Mrs. McGillivray, Major and Mrs. Donald, Major and Miss Michie, Dr. and Mrs. McLennan. An informal dance finished a very happy evening.

Mrs. Alfred Hoskin and the Misses Hoskin have taken an apartment on the corner of Avenue road and Balmoral avenue for the winter.

The engagement of Miss Grace Rolph and Mr. Irving Nevitt is announced, and congratulations are many to the popular young people.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Vogan, daughter of Mr. Robert Vogan, and Mr. J. A. Macdonald, will take place on September 29.

Many a good wish will go to Miss Margaret Anglin next Monday night, when she launches her new play in New York, "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." Miss Anglin has found Helena very interesting, and although the public may not at first take in all her significance, Miss Anglin will probably make her a charming study in her own able way.

Toronto friends of Mr. F. Stanley Morrison, who spent several years at Stanley Barracks since the Boer war and was mentioned more than once in the dispatches for coolness and courage during that war, will be pleased to hear he has received brevet rank of Captain. Captain Morrison is now at St. John, near Montreal, with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

It is always pleasant to hear of fortune smiling on Toronto-born men. The latest to make good is Mr. George Herbert Tomlinson, son of the late R. H. Tomlinson, formerly residing in Sherbourne street, who shares the honor and profit of discovering and utilizing wood alcohol. Five cents a gallon royalty on this discovery means a big lot of money to George and his partner, Malcolm Ewen. Mr. Tomlinson is a brother of Mrs. Capp, of Ottawa, and his mother resides with her.

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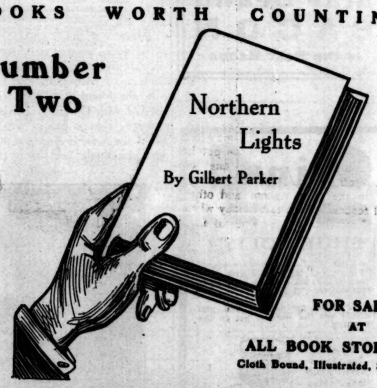

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE title of a small volume which came to the reviewer's table this week recalls to that individual a series of comic recollections. The title in question is "Choice Thoughts from Master Minds," and, as one reads at it, smiling, one's mind conjures up many pictures of a time when an elevator trip of six floors with a much-hardened heart did not help to prevent his intimacy with book agents of the common or garden variety. It used to be an interesting experience—don't you remember? when one of these gentry would call at the old home, and, having only your too-patient mother perhaps to deal with, would open his splendid prospectus of "The Beautiful, the Wonderful, and the Wise," or something of that kind, and dilate on its breadth and comprehensive worth. Books with pictures of heroes on sea and land were particularly enticing. And you always thought that your mother was somewhat lacking in taste and discernment when she refused to be inveigled into purchasing one of these fine, showy volumes. Not so interesting but more exciting was the visit of one of these peddlers when father was at home and not in a mood to be annoyed.

One book-agent incident remains as a particularly strong recollection with the present writer, because at the time of its occurrence he was old enough to appreciate its humor. At the old home, which was in a small town, we once had a stable boy named Tom of what would now be called socialistic tendencies. He performed his work well enough, but grudgingly. He used the currycomb and the stable fork quite deftly but somewhat after the manner in which Miss Skiffins, the affianced of Mr. Wemmick in "Great Expectations," washed dishes—in a leisurely, amateurish fashion suggestive of the absence of a non-existent maid servant. Tom also had a speculative eye, and when he spat—for expectoration was with him a common form of expression—he did so reflectively. As was to be expected, Tom did not "stay with the job" very long. For a time after leaving the pater's employ he put in his time discussing questions of world politics, sociology, astronomy, etc., in the barber shops and other local forums. Then came a day when he entered the pater's office, his face preternaturally grave, and a portfolio under his arm. His erstwhile employer looked up enquiringly. Tom was resplendent in holiday attire. His hair was marvelously "slick"; his air was impressively formal; his necktie was red and yellow. He opened his portfolio, drew out a prospectus of a book, and commenced a recital of its merits. It was plain that he had patiently memorized the publisher's sheet giving "a suggested description of the work for the agent's use in soliciting orders." The language was grandiloquent and only needed Tom's pronunciation to make it completely effective. Tom's phrasing, as a musician would say, simply consisted in making a slight pause for breath whenever he came to the words "You will observe," which occurred at more or less regular intervals. The pater, after his first spasm of astonishment had passed, sat with a very curious expression on his face, trying hard not to laugh. Tom reeled off the first few paragraphs of his address very successfully, but of a sudden he wavered and came to a full stop. He had forgotten his lines! No flush of embarrassment spread over the countenance of Tom during the painful moment of dead silence that followed—such was not his temperament. He simply stood gazing at the wall before him with an utterly expressionless look in his somewhat bovine eyes. Then the pater let himself go. He let out a shout of laughter such as one seldom hears. Tom came back to earth and his vernacular in a flash.

"It's a splendid, fine book," said he; "I'd take one if I wus you."

But all the answer he got was a renewed burst of merriment, and long after the amateur book agent made his exit the pater looked apoplectic and wiped tears of laughter from his eyes.

But to return to "Choice Thoughts from Master Minds." Really it isn't the sort of book which peddlers try to place "on every parlor table." It is quite a modest little volume of quotations collected by William T. Robinson (William Briggs, publisher, Toronto). A good many people may find it useful. It might be suggested, however, that the omission, except in a few instances, of the names of the authors of the choice thoughts in the collection deprives the volume of value as a work of reference. It also seems rather unnecessary, not to say disrespectful to master minds, to place cheek by jowl with scraps of their wisdom such nursery platitudes as: "For every evil under the sun there is a remedy, or there is none. If there is, try and find it; if there is none, never mind it."

* * *

A German author, Herr Bleibtreu, has written a book entitled "Germany and England" in which he gives his countrymen his opinion of the English people. Concerning the artistic achievements of the latter he says: "The truth is, in music the English have not got beyond Sullivan's operettas, their sculpture is execrable, their old buildings (with the exception of Westminster Abbey and the ruins of some castles in the country) are more interesting than artistic; architecturally London is the ugliest city in the world."

This will prepare the reader somewhat for this critic's opinions regarding English literature, some of which are here reproduced: "We consider Mrs. Humphry Ward to be the most important and even the most manly of modern English novelists." Charles Dickens, whose "Tale of Two Cities" is "the best composed work" that he wrote, is "the most inartistic of all British novelists," while Thackeray is "the greatest of all novelists." In respect of modern drama, "the distressing circumstance that the incredibly clumsy striver for effect, Hall Caine, whose novels breathe nothing but theatricality, should have achieved triumphs on the stage testifies to the taste of the British public."

Herr Bleibtreu's remark about Mrs. Humphrey Ward is rich; it requires no comment. To his roast of Hall Caine most of us will add "Amen," "hear, hear!" likewise "hurrah." When our German friend

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,
the celebrated writer of stirring books for boys, who recently died at Isleworth, England, at the age of 78. He was editor and proprietor of Once-a-Week, and at one time edited Cassell's Magazine.

starts in on Dickens, however, his nationality at once disqualifies him as a critic. It has become quite the fashion nowadays among certain writers on literary subjects to refer to Dickens as an inartistic craftsman, and it is interesting to note that these critics—though not all of course—are mostly foreign and mostly young. I am convinced that to entirely appreciate the works of Dickens one must be of British blood and British sympathies and must be able to grasp either through knowledge or imagination the social conditions of the England of the great novelist's own time; one must also understand the perspective, as it were, of his pictures of life. Otherwise a reader, if he prides himself on being a modern critic, will frequently find the pathos of Dickens to be bathos, his characterization caricature, and his style, especially when he occasionally drops into blank verse, to be artificial—inartistic. In short Dickens can not be justly judged by modern standards of universal criticism.

Periodically artistic writers appear and are forgotten. Meanwhile a great many old-fashioned readers find in the novels of Charles Dickens perennial delight and refreshment. As to Dickens' style, perhaps it is much surpassed by that of numbers of literary critics these days, but by what novelist of the day is Dickens surpassed or approached as a technician in English?

* * *

When Dr. Charles W. Eliot made his now famous selection of a list of books, the reading of which would in his opinion constitute a liberal education, he furnished many a writer for the press with a text during the latter part of the summer just past. For in summertime subjects are often scarce and readers indifferent. At any rate "A Liberal Education" has been the caption of many an article and the subject of many a journalistic controversy for some months past. The outcome of this discussion—if there really has been any outcome to it—seems to be a strengthening of the old belief that in the matter of reading, as in nearly everything else, the old saying holds good—that "what is one man's meat is another's poison." As a matter of fact there are boys who have laid the foundation of a liberal education by the careful reading of any one of several of the volumes mentioned by the admirable doctor, and there are other boys who have obtained a "saving knowledge" of casuistry and an excellent working knowledge of the English language by reading certain books, few or none of which are included in the Eliot list.

But, without wishing to appear unbecomingly facetious, the present writer would like to add that any young man who would acquire a really liberal education must supplement his reading with experience, and preferably with that suggested in Steele's famous remark made, it is supposed, in reference to Lady Elizabeth Hastings. Steel wrote: "Though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; to love her was a liberal education."

* * *

Mr. Robert Hichens's new novel, "The Knock on the Door," is soon to be published by the Lippincott Company. The story is described as a dramatic portrayal of a contest between materialism and idealism. It opens in London, but almost immediately the scene changes to Africa, to the Nile and the Pyramids, to the desert and the ancient temples on its border. This is a pleasant bit of news for the admirers of Mr. Hichens's previous novel, "The Garden of Allah."

* * *

Simultaneously with the first performance in New York City of Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot" the Macmillan Company is publishing the play in book form. The acting qualities of the drama have already been thoroughly tested in other parts of the United States, and the praise which it elicited from former President Roosevelt will readily be recalled. Though written primarily for the stage, however, the play is said to suffer little from being read instead of seen. The fundamental theme, the young Hebrew's conception of America as God's crucible in which the races and classes of mankind are being cleansed of prejudice, hatred and folly, and fused into one purified and noble family—this vision, set before the reader with all of Mr. Zangwill's fire and strength, one is more than willing to linger over longer than the needs of the theatre permit. No contemporary writer equals Mr. Zangwill in his understanding of the complex depths of his own people. In "The Melting Pot" he has revealed some of their noblest dreams and aspirations with the power that comes only from thorough comprehension and love.

* * *

In the September Strand Magazine is reproduced an illustration by George Cruikshank, accompanied by some verses entitled "Air-Um Scare-Um Traveling," taken from "The Comick Almanack" for 1843, which shows that the subject of airships and their possibilities was a popular one more than sixty years ago.

* * *

William Allen White's novel, "A Certain Rich Man," has gone into its sixth edition, and is leading the best sellers all over the United States. One would naturally expect that this novel of Kansas would be popular throughout the whole American west, but it has at once won success in the east as well. Last week "A Certain Rich Man" was the book most in demand both in Boston and Philadelphia, probably the two cities in his country the furthest removed from the life of which Mr. White writes.

* * *

A rather novel book is "Just Boys," a story about choir boys, by Mary Buell Wood, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. It contains many incidents presumably more or less authentic, and will be found very amusing as well as informing to all those who have ever had anything to do with the management of youthful choir members of the masculine persuasion. The volume is brightened by several engravings from photographs of a number of these interesting little chaps.

* * *

The quality of Russian censorship is shown by a writer in The Frankfurter Zeitung, who gives examples of literary matter refused publication and the reasons therefor. In a poem the line, "Under strange skies we may be happy," was cancelled, with the remark that "No sky can be more conducive to happiness than that which spreads over Russia." A biography of Sumarokow mentions the novel "Korew" as his first "creation." The sentence was blotted out because "God alone creates. Man may write, work, compose, etc., but he does not 'create.'" When the names of the gods of Greek mythology are written, capital letters must not be used "except in the case of Mars. Our gracious Czar has had so many wars that he owes Mars this compliment." A poem was suppressed because it contained the line, "To solitude devoted, I despise the world." The censor said: "Despising so generally includes also the Czar. Thank me, writer, for saving you from Siberia."

* * *

A life of the late William Sharp ("Fiona Macleod") has been prepared by his widow, and will appear in the course of the autumn. It is based on letters, diaries, and other literary memorials. No doubt the book will tell how its subject came to take the name "Fiona Macleod" for his Celtic writings. Unless, however, the volume is particularly rich in, say, anecdotal material concerning other and greater men of his time, it is hard to see wherein it will be of unusual interest or value. The perusal of biographies of minor writers is not a particularly profitable employment.

* * *

The library of the late Professor Simon Newcomb, the Nova Scotian who became America's greatest astronomer, is being offered for sale, either collectively or in part. The collection is rich in works on astronomy, mathematics, and physics, and also contains many publications on economic subjects. Before the owner's death a typewritten catalogue was prepared under his direction, and to any intending purchaser a copy of this will be sent upon application to the executor of the estate, at No. 1620 P Street, Washington, U.S.A.

HAL.

FALL AND WINTER STYLE SHOW

THE season of Fall Fashions for 1909 has begun. It is needless to say that we have made preparations for *this* Autumn on a scale and plan such as was absolutely and impossibly out of the question before we took over the New Building. You will soon see for yourself, doubtless, what these preparations mean to you.

To us they mean a personal journey to the capitals of fashionable Europe, an expenditure of capital and vitality unprecedented in the history of the store, and the painstaking labor of weeks and months. We leave the question of our success in the balance. *You* decide. See and judge.

We call your attention to the following list of representative values. By them we stand or fall.

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SUIT SECTION.

1—Ladies' and Misses' Suits of fine English Worsteds and Venetians, strictly tailored, plain colors and mannish shadings, $12.50.

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3—The latest New York styles for both ladies and misses; made up in worsteds and serges, in lovely new shades and black; 70 different models. Our specialty suit, $25.00.

COAT SECTION.

1—Smart Tailored Suits, in new diagonal serges, dark and light greys, $8.50.

2—New Autumn Coats, in English weave, diagonal serges, amethyst shades and greys, $12.50.

3—Fine Tailored Coats, in English tweeds, new greys, semi-fitting, very smart, $15.00.

DRESS SECTION.

1—Handsome Gown, of satin cloth, trimmed with tucked net and buttons, black, navy and wistaria, $12.50.

2—Very stylish "Moyen Age" Style Dresses, in the all-wool Panama, in new shades, $14.50.

3—The new "Pannier" Dress, of rich satin, new shirred hip effects, new colors; a splendid copy, $27.50.

SKIRT SECTION.

1—Ladies' All-wool Panama, new, semi-pleated styles, very smart. Exceptional value, $5.00.

2—Ladies' All-wool Black Voile, good quality and color, trimmed with taffeta silk, $5.75.

3—Misses' Skirts, of English Cheviot and tweeds, new semi-pleated styles. $2.95.

GIRLS' SECTION.

1—Girls' Stylish School Dresses, in English Serge, sailor and Russian styles, ages 10 to 14, $2.95.

2—Girls' Coats, tailored, English frieze, ulster styles, ages 6 to 14 years, $3.95.

3—Girls' Coats, new tweed styles, smart mixtures, wide strappings, ages 10 to 14 years, $5.00.

WAIST SECTION.

1—New English Model Waists, pure silk, lovely new shades and ideas, $4.75.

2—Clever Waists of net and silk, very stylish and new effects, black, ecru and white, $2.95.

3—Fine Tailored Waists, of rich mercerized broche, all white, $1.39.

PETTICOAT SECTION.

1—Rich Silk Moirette Petticoats, handsome satin stripes, lovely new colorings, worth $4.50, $2.95.

2—Handsome Silk Taffeta Petticoats, black and all the new shades, new strapped flounce, $3.95.

3—Elaborate Model Skirts, of rich silk moirette, the very latest ideas, worth $5.50 and $7.50, $5.00.

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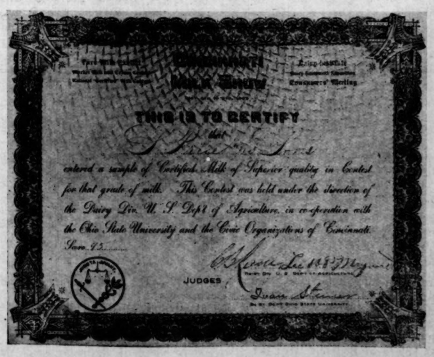

A miniature reproducton of diploma awarded to Price's Dairy in the recent competition for certified milk held at Cincinnati. This competition included all the wealthy owned farms in the United States. The above entry scored 95 points, which was only one and one-half points below the winner.

A Book Worth Reading.

There has just been issued, from The Hemming Studios, in Montreal, a book entitled "DEPOS-ART.", this name being used to designate the unique ware which they are introducing to the art-loving public of Canada.

"DEPOS-ART" is a coined word, apparently derived from the words "Deposit" and "Art." The particular application of the word in this instance is in connection with the electro depositing of Silver upon Glass and China.

The book describes this process, and in a manner remarkable not only for its literary ability, but also for the cleverness with which technicalities have been translated into plain English so as to be readily understood by the uninitiated.

The contents of the book are divided into six short chapters, very readable in style, charmingly imaginative, and exceedingly interesting to anyone having a desire to understand a delicate mechanical process as applied to High Art.

The illustrations not only depict different pieces of "Depos-Art" itself, but show, in life-like sketches, the work as it progress in the several departments of The Hemming Studios.

Typographically, the book expresses the ideal. The illustrations, while we understand they cannot do justice to the beauty of the ware itself, are really excellent examples of half-tone work. From the handsomely embossed cover to the last page, "Depos-Art" reveals, throughout, the work of a master printer. It speaks well for our Canadian industries that there are to be found amongst them such a combination of ability and enterprise as is evinced in this little book.

The address of The Hemming Studios is 14 St. Helen Street, Montreal, and, no doubt, a request would bring forth a copy of "Depos-Art." It will certainly repay a half-hour's careful study on the part of anyone to whom the artistic appeals.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Delphine Sylvester, second daughter of Dr. George P. Sylvester, and Mr. Edgeworth Ussher Reid, of Shanghai, China, was celebrated in St. Paul's church on Tuesday afternoon at half-past three o'clock, Rev. Canon Cody, D.D., the rector officiating. No formal invitations had been issued to the wedding, but a number of friends had been verbally asked, and a large contingent from Galt, the former home of the Sylvester family, came to town to attend it. The weather was such as September often filches from June, and the brightness and warmth of the day relegated Fall costumes and millinery to the background, and all the fair guests wore their most summery frocks and hats. A small reception at Dr. Sylvester's house followed the ceremony. The bride was brought in by her father, who also gave her away, and looked the prettiest of dainty little brides in a gown which exactly suited the day, a filmy net with tiny discs of silk embroidery, and panels of silk Irish lace on the bodice, which was made with transparent yoke and sleeves, the airy little gown mounted on softest white silk. A tulle veil and orange blossoms, and a bouquet of open white roses and lily of the valley completed the very pretty fineries, and everyone admired their bright eyed wearer. Miss Georgie Sylvester, the younger sister of the bride, a "not-out," who will not make her debut for a couple of years, was maid of honor, in a pink hat and gown and carrying pink asters. Two little girlies in white lingerie and lace frocks and pink sashes, with baskets of pink asters, were the flower girls. They were the small daughters of Mr. Sydney of Galt, and an attractive little golden-haired pair. Mr. Arthur M. Jarvis was best man. A large crowd of the bride's girl and boy friends present made this a "young" wedding; several of them are contemplating a similar step before long. Mrs. Smallpiece (*nee* Sylvester), was up from Montreal for the bridal, and looked very well in a white embroidered Princess dress and large hat. Mrs. Sylvester, mother of the bride, wore silvery satin, and a eminence and mauve hat, in which she looked a perfect picture, her beautiful coiffure and dainty features exactly suiting her handsome chapeau. At the reception, the bridal party and the host and hostess received in the drawing-room, and the guests passed on from wishing every happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Reid, to the room on the upper floor where the wedding gifts were arranged. Many articles of jewelry and artistic things for the personal use of the bride were among them, and some new and attractively designed bits of silver, brass and crystal for the home she will preside over in China. Miss Sylvester has been, in the few seasons since her debut, very popular with old and young, and among her gifts were little messages written in very childish character, as well as stately cards from prominent and well-known people. The dejeuner was set in the dining-room, and a tall bridal cake centered the table. White asters were everywhere, tied in huge nosegays up the stair, and banked in the rooms which were resonant with merry voices and music from the orchestra. Canon Cody proposed the bride's health, and Mr. Arthur Jarvis responded in a neat speech, the bridegroom being too conscious of his happiness to talk about it. A merry girl remarked that the best man was practising for his own wedding, which will take place very shortly. After the speeches, the bride changed her *robe des noces* for a dark blue travelling suit and hat to match, over which, anticipating the furious rain of confetti which awaited her, she had fastened a huge veil. Mr. and Mrs. Reid left on their honeymoon about five o'clock, and will be back for a short visit before leaving for their long voyage to their future home in Shanghai, where Mr. Reid is connected with a huge business concern. Beside the smart contingent from Galt, among the guests were Mrs. Ferguson and her daughter, Mrs. Wilson, of Niagara Falls, the latter in a beautiful Dresden silk gown and large white hat; Mrs. W. C. Matthews, Mrs. Charles Fleming, Miss Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Helen Strong, Miss Austin, of Spadina; Miss Kemp, of Castle Frank; the Misses Haney, the Misses Towner, Mrs. Perley Smith, Mr. Muntz, Mr. Howard Harris, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Smallpiece, Captain and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Warnock, Mr. Young, Miss Galt, and some others.

The Marchioness of Bute, one of London's society leaders.

The Medical Association is having a beautiful time on the Continent. Dr. Ryerson sends some interesting cards of the doings in Budapest, where he was a couple of weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood and their little son, will be back to Toronto next week. Mrs. Calderwood and Ronald have spent the summer at Scarboro' Beach, Maine.

Mrs. Charles Sampson, of Chicago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Davis in Rusholme road.

Mr. and Mrs. Lockie Hamilton will spend the autumn and early winter at their country home at Lorne Park, having rented their town residence to Colonel Septimus Denison. I believe they intend going abroad early next year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir have returned from England.

A pretty wedding took place recently (August 25), at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Waterloo, Liverpool, Eng. The bride was Miss M. E. Douglas-Irvine, who has several connections in Canada, and the groom, Mr. J. B. Irvine, B.A., of London. The bride wore ivory satin and bolero of Brussels lace; her jewels were amethysts, the gift of her uncle, Mr. Joseph Henghan, a prominent railway official in Cheshire, and of the bridegroom. A veil and orange blossoms completed her costume. Many beautiful gifts were presented to the happy pair, among them a cabinet of cutlery from the staff of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co., and to the groom a handsome silver and walnut inkstand from the boys of Undercliffe College, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, where he is a professor.

The Fall races of the Ontario Jockey Club open to-day at the Woodbine, and as many people have already returned from lake, mountain and sea, we may look for a smart turnout. A number of out-of-town visitors will attend the Fall meeting, and do their best to add to its smartness and interest.

Last Saturday afternoon, the Argonaut Rowing Club's fine house by the bay was the Mecca of many a fair pilgrim, and the dance which always winds up the rowing season was greatly enjoyed. The races were rowed off in good style and the oarsmen lost no time in getting into conventional attire and joining the particular she who had watched an aquatic victory or mourned a defeat with an interest she did not trouble to conceal. They dance *con amore* at the Argonauts; the floor is always excellent, the music fine, and both men and girls love their waltzes and two-steps. Mr. Snively, most courteous and watchful of honorary secretaries, and a very able committee did their duty to the Queen's taste. Refreshments were served in the Gym., and the various events, aquatic and terpsichorean, were immensely enjoyed. The prizes were presented by Mrs. R. K. Barker.

St. George's church was the scene of a very beautiful wedding last Saturday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, when Miss Heloise Keating, daughter of Mr. Edward H. Keating, and Mr. Francis Paget Macklem, youngest son of Mr. Sutherland Macklem, were married, Rev. T. C. Street Macklem, Provost of Trinity College, and uncle of the groom, officiating. The fine old church was decorated with palms and white asters, and Mr. Phillips played the bridal music. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and looked her prettiest in a graceful robe of soft satin with point lace and sprays of orange blossoms. The veil was fastened by a little crown of orange blossoms, and the bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley in an Empire cascade. The only jewel worn by the bride was an art pendant of blue enamel set with diamonds and sapphires, the gift of the groom. Miss Bessie Keefer, of Ottawa, and Miss Maude Denison, who is just back from England, were the bridesmaids, and little Miss Phyllis Macklem, cousin of the groom, was flower girl. Mr. Douglas Macklem was his brother's best man. Mr. Campbell Beecher, of London, and Mr. Douglas Kirkpatrick, were the ushers. The bridesmaids wore buttercup gowns of folded satin with embroideries in gold, white beaver hats with buttercup satin bows and paste buckles, and carried bouquets of roses. The flower girl wore a greenaway frock of buttercup satin and poke bonnet of white beaver and carried roses in a gold basket. After the marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Keating received at 99 Elm avenue, where the house and grounds were *en fete* for the occasion, the decorations being of palms, roses, asters and other white blooms charmingly arrayed, and the dejeuner being served in a marquee on the lawn. The Provost proposed the bride's health, and as usual said the right thing in the neatest manner. Mr. and Mrs. Macklem will spend some time in England, where they arrive next week. The bride went away in a blue silk travelling costume, with black satin hat touched with gold and velvet. Her weddings gifts were most artistic and valuable, and her friends' good wishes are heartened by the sincere affection her charming personality always evokes.

The death of Mrs. Goldwin Smith at The Grange last Thursday has removed from her circle of friends one of its prized members, and from her home a mistress loved and respected. The deepest sympathy, from King to peasant, is with her aged and sorrowing husband, in a loss which time cannot efface. King Edward has sent Royal condolences to his former Oxford professor, and what consolation may be gained from universal regret for his bereavement Dr. Goldwin Smith has had. To those who knew the beauty of their home life, the accord and affection between them, the severance of such cherished ties, as sudden as it was sad, touches the heart and hushes the words which seem so unequal to the regretful occasion. To many of us the sorrow is personal and almost selfish, so kind and good has ever been the friend who has passed away.

Mrs. and Miss Graham have returned from their summer holiday, and are visiting Dr. Joe Graham just now.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walsh paid a flying visit to Toronto at mid week, spending a few hours with Mr. and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston.

Miss Edna Reid, daughter of Mr. G. P. Reid, will make her debut this season. Miss Gladys Francis, daughter of Mr. Wellington Francis, who has been abroad for a couple of years of study, will also be a debutante this fall. I hear Mr. Jack Massey's young daughter will also come out next winter.

Mrs. Massey Treble returned to Euclid Hall a few days ago.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Cecil Vivian (Viva) Kerr, eldest daughter of Senator Kerr, of Rathnelly, and Mr. George Hamilton Cassels. The ceremony will take place on September 30 in St. James' Cathedral at three o'clock, and will be followed by a reception given by Senator and Mrs. Kerr at Rathnelly.

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Clyde Fitch and His Methods

CLYDE FITCH made his first demand to have absolute direction of all his plays as soon as he felt himself sufficiently powerful with the managers. Thereafter whoever may have been announced as the stage manager of one of his productions, it was really Fitch who was responsible for the final result.

"There was nothing that Fitch would not do," an actor in several of his plays told a New York Sun reporter a few days after the playwright's death, "to make the actors understand what he wanted. Occasionally members of a company not familiar with his methods kept their faces straight only with difficulty.

"He imitated exactly just what he expected every character to be. He would strut about like a Wall Street corporation president, chatter like a toothless old woman, parade around with the icy serenity of a Gibson beauty or coquette with the abandon of a show girl in the early morning hours at Rector's. All these types he would illustrate with fidelity to the original. It was part of his skill as a stage manager and enabled him to accomplish wonders with his actors.

"But it was mighty hard on the actors who had never seen it before. I have watched old stagers in the business who came for the first time to a Fitch rehearsal nearly double up when the author went bounding across the stage with the gait and swing of a sixteen-year-old girl and then imitated with the same truthfulness a London Johnny telling about the charm of his lady love in the Gaiety chorus. These things made an old timer sit up, and it was often difficult for us to keep from roaring with laughter until the actors saw how serious Mr. Fitch was and that he was stretching his powers of mimicry to the furthest in order to help them and the play.

"He wrote successful plays for established stars, and some stars that were beginning had plays from him; but not a single player under Fitch's stage management ever became a successful star, because he based his estimate of their fitness simply on their physical resemblance to the type and their ability to imitate him."

The managers who bought the Fitch plays never tried to interfere with the author's absolute domination of the production. They knew he could find the types better than they could, and in many instances his plays dealt with episodes of social life with which they had no acquaintance. In his realization of the dramatic possibilities of New York's social pageantry much of his success lay, and he had made acquaintances that enabled him to project scenes on the stage with a certain verisimilitude that impressed New Yorkers.

These society episodes were found less interesting outside of the city and made little impression on provincial audiences. It was with such pieces as "Beau Brummel," "Barbara Frietchie" and "The Cowboy and the Lady" that he made his successes in that vague region known as the road, although his New York audiences liked best "The Climbers," "Her Own Way" and similar pieces dealing with social conditions here.

Mr. Fitch's unerring skill in detecting just what capacity a beginner had was shown in the case of a New York girl who took it into her head that she could be an actress, although there was not the least necessity for such a course in her case. She long ago retired from the stage and now moves as an admired young matron in the social set to which she belongs. By wire pulling she got a letter to the dramatist and was at his house at the appointed time.

"I am Miss X——," she began. "You know I got a letter to you from Miss M——"

"I know, I know," said Fitch, glancing at a large clock that stood in his library. "I know you are Miss X——. I can give you just two minutes by that clock there, as I was never so busy in my life that I can remember."

The young woman began on the stoty of her aspirations and it was two minutes before she was well under way. All the time he had been observing her closely. When the two minutes had stretched into three the dramatist had seen what possibilities for the stage she possessed.

"I understand," he answered, "and I am terribly sorry that I cannot talk about your chances and advise you what to do; but I am too much hurried to-day. I am producing next month a new play. There are to be six very smart girls as bridesmaids in the first act. I will let you be one of them. Yes, that's all right. Good-by. You'll hear from me."

He had promptly seen that if this girl could do anything on the stage it would necessarily be in the kind of part in which she could utilize her social ease and distinction of appearance. On another occasion he showed less sympathy with a youthful aspirant of the other sex.

The young man arrived in answer to a letter making the appointment. Possibly Fitch saw that he did not size up very well, although it was necessary in view of the source from which the letter had come to receive the young aspirant. The young man does not to this day understand why he never heard from the dramatist who cast rather a hopeless look over his six feet of ungainly youth and then showed very obvious signs of physical agitation.

"You must excuse the state I am in," he said, reverting to the letter of introduction as if he could find inspiration there, "but you must understand how upset I am when I tell you that my cook has just left me. She has been with me for four years, and her husband is my valet. That makes it much worse, you see, because I am losing two good servants instead of one. I cannot say anything at all to you to-day about going on the stage, but just leave me your address and you'll hear from me."

As the young man never heard a word he concluded that the dramatist's agitation over the loss of his cook must have driven the matter out of his mind. It was more probably true that the author saw no possible chance of placing him and decided that it was better to keep silent on the subject.

Clyde Fitch had no regular method of working, unless unceasing energy is a method of its own. He was sometimes at his desk by seven in the morning, and at others he dawdled until late before he could get down to work at all. He made no rule of sitting at his desk for a certain number of hours every day, but his energy never seems to have needed that stimulus, with such enthusiasm did he labor.

He did not of course write his plays with the rapidity that the public supposed. Some of them were written during those long, lean seven years before any was produced. It was even said that he wrote "Lover's Lane," not acted for twenty years afterward, while he was a student at Amherst. Then it would frequently happen that a play wandered about from one manager to another and was not acted for several seasons. Then, when several were produced simultaneously, it seemed as if he had shaken them all at once out of his sleeve.

Mr. Fitch was always sensitive on this point. More than once he wrote to deny to friends stories of the facility with which he produced plays. Yet it is true that he did write with much greater rapidity than many of his colleagues.

His plays were like many others, far from complete when submitted to star or manager.

When Fitch came to New York from Amherst he was able to gratify his æsthetic tastes only in the matter of dress. He sallied forth from his hall bedroom in the evenings dressed as few men in New York ever are. He wore white gloves in the evening long before they were common at the play, an immense flower in his buttonhole and a silk hat fashioned on the curves of the hat that Richard Mansfield later wore in "Beau Brummel." His attire on Sunday mornings on Fifth avenue was equally striking, especially as to floral decorations, and was a contrast to the sober garb of the late '80's.

With his removal to a home in Carnegie Hall his income began to allow him to indulge his taste for the kind of decoration he understood well. He adorned his rooms with pictures and statues and hangings, and as his income grew still larger he moved into his Fortieth street house and gathered more beautiful things. He had the genius of the collector and delighted in his finds.

"Look at that fountain," he once cried to a group of guests in his town house who were admiring a thin cinquecento marble fountain from which drops of water fell splashing. "Look at that fountain. Elsie de Wolfe moved heaven and earth to get it, but I was there first; I got there before she did, and it's mine. My, but she was furious."

Miss de Wolfe and Mr. Fitch were intimate friends for years, which added a special piquancy to their battles for the works of art they found on their foreign trips. It was Mr. Fitch's appreciation of decorative values that led him to think of going into that business when he came to this city, although the suggestion of Richard Watson Gilder that he try his hand at writing ultimately changed his plans. It was the success of "Beau Brummel" that led him to keep in the line of stage writing.

Throughout all his experience it was Elizabeth Marbury, the play broker, who looked after his interests.

At his country house near Cos Cob Mr. Fitch had a number of the valuable objects he had bought abroad and although he built a second home a short distance away he had plenty of decorations left for both. His hallway in the first house was ornamented with an old Roman coat of arms over the fireplace in the entrance hall, while the posts at the gate were of antique marble. Two panels in wood carved and colored and showing figures of cherubs with fruits and flowers were also among the ornaments of the hall. A painting formed the centre of the ceiling, a carved marble tablet showing the Madonna and Child; carved woods and hangings were other features of the decoration in this hall.

In his town house Mr. Fitch's interior decorations were still more elaborate, and bore evidence of the taste that would have made him a successful decorator if the brilliant playwright had been sacrificed to that calling. The salon is a remarkably successful specimen of a period room.

It is done in the fashion of Louis XIV., and the walls are composed of four Gobelin panels. There are four of the same kind in the dining room, and Mr. Fitch is said to have been twelve years in collecting them. They are enclosed in mouldings of the same period, there being three lines of color—gold, green and blue—between the walls and the tapestry. Four chairs of Gobelin done in petit point complete the furniture of this room. This set came from Stockholm, which possesses much beautiful furniture sent there years ago to adorn the royal palaces.

Other treasures in this room were a bronze bust of Mme. du Barry, an antique copy of a Bacchus by Sancovino, of which the original is in the Bargalto Museum in Florence; some rare specimens of Capo di Monte, among which there is a signed piece by Love; a triptych by a pupil of Botticelli, said to contain some work from the master's hand, purchased by Mr. Fitch from an old lady in Venice; a Lucca della Robbia font, Spanish carvings and leathers, porcelain bearing the escutcheons of old Brittany families for whom it was made years ago, three periods of Napoleonic china, old English and modern glass with his own monogram—these are some of the beauties of the dining room.

Wordsworth Up to Date.

When first she gleamed upon my sight!
SHE was a Phantom of a Fright
A shapeless shape, in scanty dress,
To haunt, to startle, to distress.

I saw her upon nearer view;
The things that woman had to do!
She had to breathe a certain way,
And walk and walk for miles each day.

She couldn't eat a thing that's good
For human nature's daily food,
But just some hygienic stuff,
And stop before she'd had enough!

You'd think no one, however thin,
Her sheath-like garments could get in;
E'en if you understood the cult
You'd be surprised at the result!

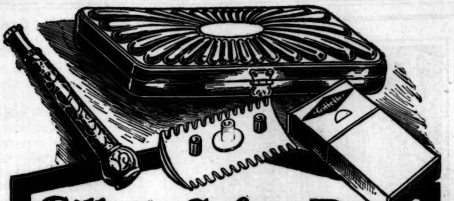
A perfect woman, nobly gowned,
With hips scarce thirty inches round!
A slot-like form, a halting gait,
And something like an angel's weight!
—Carolyn Wells in Harper's Magazine.

Coming to Canada.

ONE reason why American farmers are entering the Canadian West in large numbers is found in this extract from an article, "With the Invading Yankees," by Walter P. McGuire in Canada-West Monthly:

"Guess I'm pretty much like my father," said a tall man. "His folks gave him eighty acres near their farm in Indiana in 1846, and he could have settled down there and made a living. But he didn't. He came west to the end of the railroad line—it was Iowa City then—and walked about ninety miles farther, and cut down trees at the edge of a wood and built a log house. Then he returned to Indiana and got mother—she was only sixteen then, and a year married—and they began farming. It was hard work, and they lived on nothing but corn bread and molasses one winter—I've heard 'em tell about it many a time—and for four years father hauled his grain to Des Moines, that was the nearest market and was thirty-seven miles from the farm. But they were happy there, and got pretty rich, and father always said he was glad he left Indiana.

"Now, I'm leaving old Iowa, and the old farm. Father paid $9 an acre for the place. I got $108. But I don't think I'd have moved if I hadn't got so restless on the old place, for I was making money enough to live on quite comfortable. You ever live on a farm? Well, if you didn't you ain't got any idea how hard it is to stay cooped up on 160 acres when you've got enough machinery to farm a place several times that size, and have to let it stand idle most of the time; and when you know how fine it is to stand in your doorway and look out over a strip of this old earth and can feel that it's your own and nobody can take it away from you; and when you figure that if you only went out to some new part of the earth, like your father did, you could look over a strip much bigger than that, and just as good for farming—then you'd know exactly why I've started for Canada. I mean," he added, looking out of the window, "why I've come to Canada. You wouldn't think, though, that you was in Canada if you didn't know it, would you? The same sights over again."



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NEW POCKET EDITION

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Same size blade as before—same principle—but more compact.

The pocket case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun-metal—plain, polished or richly embossed in four designs.

Inside the pocket case are handle and blade box—triple silver plated or 14K gold plated. Prices, $5 to $7.50.

You will see them in every window—those handsome "Gillette" signs which indicate dealers handling the "Gillette". Just look for the signs. 80

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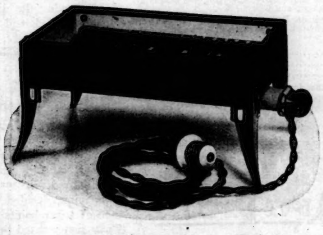

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Grocers over here are already selling it. Buy a bottle to-day!

GOLF OR TENNIS PLAYERS.

Yachting ladies or cyclists should especially ward off sunburn. If they apply "Campana's Italian Balm" to face and neck before and after exposure to sun and wind they will have complexions to be envied. An unequalled preparation for the nursery, prevents chafing, etc. E. G. West & Co., Agents, 176 King street east, Toronto.

The old lady had had a severe illness, and she was relating its vicissitudes to a friend or two in the grocer's shop when the minister came in. "It's only by the Lord's mercy," she piously declared, "that I'm not in heaven to-night."—Argonaut.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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!?· Points About People ·?!

The Fascination of Betting.

IT was Alexander Pope who penned the lines:

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with his face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

There is a certain gentleman in Toronto who had occasion to recall these lines recently. Having nothing to do of a Saturday afternoon he decided to journey out to Dufferin Race Track to find out whether the charter granted to the Metropolitan Racing Association was the evil and loathsome thing that many papers would lead one to believe. It is true that when he got there he had great difficulty in selecting anyone who looked congenial, but finally he found a respectable man and together they struck up an acquaintance. He found that his acquaintance like himself was not a betting man and knew nothing of "the ponies"; still, mere looking on was dull sport, so finally they decided to make "mind bets." That is to say they selected a possible winner and bet ten dollars apiece on him "in their minds." The horse won and they found themselves a nice wad to the good "in their minds." They made another similar wager. Their horse won again and they were away to the good "in their minds."

This emboldened them. It was obvious that they were the sure-enough boys to pick the winners.

"Come on," said one, "let's make a real bet. It's easy to beat this game."

They selected their horse and put up five dollars each on him. He ran last. After that they stuck to "mind bets."

A Dynamite Story.

SOME day a Robert Service will arise to sing the romance of the railroads in this growing Canada of ours. Many a tale of risk and hazard and wild adventure, and often times of grotesque humor, might be told of the men who have stretched the steel from ocean to ocean. A tale of such sort is told of Arthur Trimble, of the class of '04, S.P.S. Art is one of the most modest fellows in the world, a husky boy with a rattling good tenor voice, which he used to lift up in song to the delight of his college mates, and an erstwhile soloist of the choir of Parkdale Presbyterian church. After graduating, Trimble worked for a while for the Canadian Northern out in the western provinces, where he met with some adventures which were as far removed from the gentle art of music as is Peary's from Cook's opinion as to the identity of the discoverer of the Pole.

One dark, rainy night, out in Saskatchewan, Trimble, who was in charge of one of the construction camps, found that there was no dynamite on hand for the work of the morrow. To obtain a supply would necessitate a tramp to the town of New Battleford, at which point a trestle bridge spanned the river, by crossing which the base of supplies might be reached. Through some combination of circumstances nobody else was available for the undertaking, so Trimble in the spirit of the true pioneer tackled the job himself.

He tramped the wet and weary miles to Battleford, reached the bridge—a span of some 2,500 feet—and proceeded to cross it in the dark and wind and rain. He had not advanced very far before he found that the ties had not been spiked to the beams, and that they moved in a most disquieting fashion at every step. Bracing himself against the wind, footing it gingerly and cautiously from tie to tie, with the rain beating about him, Trimble dared not look for an instant at the river rolling along some seventy feet below. After a series of miraculous escapes, the Saskatchewan was crossed, an armful of dynamite was secured, and the return trip was begun.

When several hundred feet from shore, Trimble suddenly came plump up against an engine that was syphoning up water from the river below. There was no way of getting past except to climb along the foot-board by the boiler, then in through the small window in the front of the cab. This Trimble proceeded to do, but was stopped when half way in the window by the engineer's and fireman's sudden and profane expostulations at the intrusion.

"See here!" said Trimble, coolly, "I have an armful of dynamite, so don't get gay."

The road was cleared without ceremony.

When Trimble reached Battleford, he found that the trainmen had noised abroad the dynamite incident so assiduously that nobody would take him in for the night with his dangerous burden. Finally, he walked a short distance out of town, hid the explosive, and then returned upon a fresh quest for quarters. His efforts were as unsuccessful as before.

By this time the rain had stopped, so, after calling for a bundle of laundry, he decided to walk down the line to where the boarding-cars of a construction gang were standing, and to sleep with the foreman, who was a friend of his. When he got as far as the railroad station, the rain came on again, as he stepped inside and asked the agent if he might leave the parcel there for the night.

The agent looked at him darkly. "Is that dynamite?" he asked.

"Sure!" replied Trimble, cheerfully. "I'll just leave it here."

"No you won't," shouted the station-man, in a voice of tremendous decision.

"Oh, yes, I will," returned Trimble, blithely. "I'll just throw it down here," and without further parley he tossed the laundry into the corner.

With one wild and terrified yell the pop-eyed agent bolted into outer darkness. Trimble leaned up against the wall and laughed some, then he journeyed on to the construction train. Soon, in the grateful light and warmth of the boarding-car he was smoking a friendly pipe with the boss.

"Say, Jim," he remarked to that functionary, "I had a few sticks of dynamite with me when I got into town to-night, so I couldn't get a place to sleep."

"Well," rejoined the boss, "what would those guys think if they saw this?"

Following the direction of his finger, Trimble looked under the bed, and *there were dynamite sticks filling all the available space.*

"That," said the boss laconically, "that's what I sleep on every night!"

Toronto Cops Abroad.

SOME years ago two of the brawniest members of the Toronto Police force who were bachelors and had saved a little money decided to spend a holiday in New York. Naturally they wanted to take in all the sights, and like most visitors who are not attached to a feminine companion, decided to take in the Bowery. They were men of sober habits and were not out for a riotous time. They just wanted to see the life of the East side. They took in "Suicide Hall" and Steve Brodie's, and many other delectable resorts, and presently, as is the hospitable custom of the Bowery with strangers, a waiter tried to steal some change from them. They protested and got in return a shower of Bowery dialect not unseasoned with what is legally known as "low abuse."

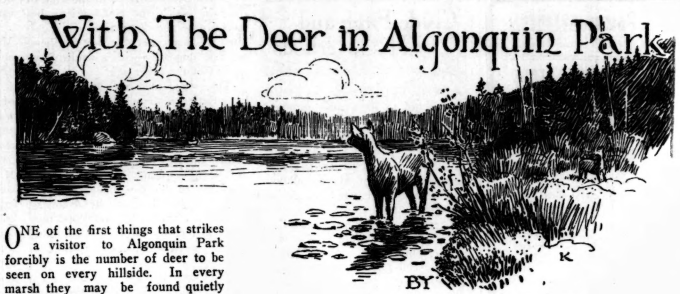
The two big members of Toronto's finest, looked at each other somewhat as did Bill Nye and Truthful James in Bret Harte's poem when they found that they had been cheated at poker by the Heathen Chinee. They rose and proceeded to take the change away from the waiter. There was a whistle and presently Bowery toughs appeared from all quarters like bees from a hive that has been kicked over. Back to back the big fellows fought their way to the street with Bowery boys dropping around them. An alarm was already in and presently the reserve squad of the station came along with their night sticks, ready to pull in the persons who were making a "rough house." By some free masonry the two Canadians managed to slip it to the New York "cops" that they, too, wore the uniform when at home. A fraternal relation was at once established and the squad turned in with their night sticks and finished up the job that the Toronto men had commenced. Then they all went over to the station and swapped yarns.

A novel use of the fire department was shown at Jackson, California, a few days ago when a big horse driven by two boys, in attempting to ford a creek running through the city, became stuck in quicksand and gradually sank until it was threatened with death. The firemen were called upon to bring their hose and use it in sluicing the sand away from the horse sufficiently for it to extricate itself. When the firemen arrived, only the head of the animal remained out of water, but the sluicing process proved successful, and the horse was saved.

Lady Delamere is a daughter of the Earl of Enniskillen, and her marriage to Lord Delamere was a romance. Delamere was thrown from his horse and the young woman nursed him in a farmhouse. Soon they were married and Delamere took his bride to East Africa. He now owns a larger estate than any other individual in that country.

Some people are never satisfied, anyway. The other day Mr. Geo. Bingham, the Yonge street druggist, whose soda water fountain refreshes half the town during the hot summer months, received a post card bearing the sketch and mild suggestion printed above.

With The Deer in Algonquin Park



BY MARK ROBINSON

ONE of the first things that strikes a visitor to Algonquin Park forcibly is the number of deer to be seen on every hillside. In every marsh they may be found quietly feeding or playing along the shores of the numerous lakes. There they come to drink. If the day is calm they return to the cool woods to get away from the flies. If a fresh breeze is blowing they remain in the open feeding in the water upon lily pods and roots, often gazing at a passing canoe or boat without any apparent fear of man, with whom they have become familiar as their protector.

On any fine evening during the present summer near Canoe Lake Shelter House deer could be seen coming out into the open to lick salt placed on logs and stumps for them by the Park rangers. As many as seven full grown bucks have been seen together playing and licking at the salt, while not one hundred and fifty yards away a number of men were throwing quoits, laughing, talking, etc. Of this the deer took no notice unless something unusual occurred, when they would look for a moment and return to their salt. Observation of these animals has proven a very interesting study. Towards the end of May the bucks' antlers commenced to grow. About the middle of August we found some bucks with only half-grown antlers. Others have a full-grown set covered with a velvet coating not unlike the rind of a butternut. With the coming of September all the bucks are busy rubbing his coating off their antlers by scrubbing them against the soft bark of some small tree. I have had the pleasure of watching bucks at this work, and on one occasion saw one just commencing the rubbing process. He scrubbed carefully and in a short time his antlers were all red, evidently with bleeding where the velvet coating was bruised. I saw what I thought to be the same buck a week after. All the coating was removed, but he was rubbing away as industriously as ever. Evidently he was polishing up his antlers to their full glory.

The Indians and old hunters look at the deer rubs (as the bruised trees are called where the deer have been rubbing), notice the height from the ground, and say that is the depth of snow to expect the coming winter. They are firmly convinced that the deer have an instinct that enables them to mark the depth of snow for the following winter. However, this is a bushman's view, and the writer leaves it with the reader to form his own views. From the time a buck's antlers are fully developed until he sheds them is about five months in this section of the Province. Some bucks shed them before Christmas. Indeed a common sight about that time of year is to see a buck going around for a few days with only one antler, the other having dropped off a day or two before. The antler, when lying on the ground or soft snow, becomes quite soft, and is eaten by Porcupines, mice, and other small rodents. The writer has found many fine specimens of this work, which furnishes complete evidence of what becomes of the antlers. The greater number of deer in the park are does, which under the protection the park gives, prove very prolific. Does with two fawns are to be seen quite frequently. Experienced hunters claim that does not driven by hounds are in a better condition to produce young, and uphold the protection given by the park as the best method of keeping up the supply of deer.

During the early winter months thousands of deer leave the park and fill up the hunting grounds depleted by the fall hunt, the cause of this is the ravages made among them by wolves. This evil, however, is being overcome by Superintendent G. W. Bartlett and his staff of rangers, who destroy upwards of a hundred wolves each season by carefully placing poison on islands in the lakes. A special effort is to be made this coming winter to destroy a greater number of the deer's greatest foe. Not a few are the fawns destroyed by bears, lynx, fisher, etc., yet we find the deer increasing rapidly, which means well stocked hunting grounds for many miles around the Park. During cold winter months when the snow is deep, the deer yard up in the many swamps where food is to be found. Well-beaten paths lead from the yards to drinking places and feeding grounds; some of those paths being miles in length. We find the deer feeding on all kinds of undergrowth and evergreens, especially cedar, until the warm spring sun melts the snow from the hillsides in the burnt land. On the hills grows a coarse grass that remains quite green all winter. This the deer devour greedily until vegetation commences. To these places deer may be seen walking from the yards during the first warm spring days in considerable numbers.

Deer meet with many queer accidents and deaths in these woods. I have seen a number of deer with legs broken during the winter months, and the manner in which they would get through the bush carrying the wounded member clear of the snow was simply marvelous. In each of these instances the front leg was broken below the knee.

During the winter of 1907-08 a fine doe was frozen to death standing on the top of a fallen birch tree. It had been feeding on the tender branches of the tree and had got one of its legs fast in the crotch of a limb which held it there until death relieved it of its sufferings.

On another occasion we found a fine buck lying dead in a crevice in the rocks. Upon investigation it was found that snow had covered the crack over, and crossing the rock the deer had made a false step and fallen on its back in the crevice. Being unable to turn over in the narrow space, it had died there.

While crossing Smoke Lake on the fourth of April last, I came across the carcass of a fine old buck that had been slaughtered by wolves. Only a small portion of one side had been eaten. A close examination showed he was very old, almost all his teeth being worn out, and he was very grey around nose and face. One leg showed a scar where it had been broken perhaps years before, and had grown quite strong-looking again. On the one side were a number of scars from wounds received in some previous chases by wolves. As I viewed the remains a strange feeling of regret came over me as I thought of this battle-scarred veteran which had at last fallen a victim to their relentless chase. Returning by the same route next day, two large bald-head eagles were to be seen feeding upon the carcass. About two hundred yards away lay the carcass of a fine doe killed that morning. The brains were eaten out of the head and a small portion out of one hindquarter. A mile farther on the shanks and a few pieces of the pelt showed where a pack had relieved their hunger a few days previous.

While crossing the country one morning after a light snowfall we saw where a deer had been running at considerable speed up to a deep gorge. Not seeing any place where it might have leaped down, I looked on a tree that had fallen across the gorge. There was the track right across on a tree not more than eight inches thick. After crossing it had commenced to run again. This is the only time I have noticed deer crossing over on logs. However, it may be a common practice.

Now in conclusion the writer wishes to say that these are a few facts that have come to my notice and in no way do I claim to be an authority on nature, but endeavor to place things in the light I see them. I hope they may enable some other student of nature to unravel some mystery of the habits of our wild animals, from which we can always learn something fresh each day.

Recollections of a Noted Newspaperman.

THE late Christopher W. Bunting was a man of whom everyone connected with the old generation of Toronto newspapermen speaks with kindliness and even with veneration, not only for his abilities, but for his genuine good fellowship. Though he has been dead now for over twelve years, an old-timer returning from California or some distant locality wanders into The Mail office, with which he was so long identified, and asks for Mr. Bunting and is shocked to learn that he is dead. His capacity was such that when he went into The Globe composing room as a lad to learn his trade as a printer, he was made foreman before his term of apprenticeship had expired. Later when he left the newspaper business and went to Niagara Falls, Ont., to engage in the sugar business, he was ere long prominent as a Conservative, and in the seventies was elected to the House of Commons.

Old Conservatives on the Niagara peninsula used to hold a friendly grudge against Mr. Bunting, for the reason that hardly had he taken his seat than he removed to Toronto to become editor of The Mail, which had been established as a personal organ of Sir John A. Macdonald, and in which in company with the present owners he had obtained a financial interest. Later, when in 1886 a breach arose between himself and Sir John A. Macdonald, he essayed the dangerous and very difficult game of independent journalism. He weathered the storm for eight years; indeed until several years after Sir John had been laid in his grave. Then it became apparent that the city of Toronto was the most absurdly "over-newspapered" burgh on the continent of America and then Bunting by his superb diplomacy effected an amalgamation without the sacrifice of a single man, whereas the staff of The Empire backed by the power of MacKenzie Bowell administration was turned into the street with hardly a thank you for the up-hill work they had done. It is said of Mr. Bunting that though a merger of some kind was absolutely necessary he resolutely stuck to his guns and saved the situation of every employee from cellar to garret.

There are many anecdotes illustrating Mr. Bunting's disposition and temperament and one used to be told with great gusto by his old staff. There was in his day a politician, since dead, who was ambitious and thought that fame was to be achieved by the space given to his speeches in the newspapers. He was the type of man who, if the organ of his own party gave him three columns, would come round and whine that the reporters had not done their duty, and if the opposition newspaper gave "two sticks" to the same speech, would unctuously thank the reporters of that journal for the consideration shown him. Mr. Bunting was an expert in handling gentry of this kind. In his way he was a consummate actor and when the politician would come around with his complaint, he would send for the reporter and with a twinkle in his eye that the young man thoroughly understood, thunderously asked him:

"Why, in the face of my explicit orders, did you fail to report this gentleman's speech verbatim? How often have I to tell you a thing to make you understand it? Let me warn you, sir, that if this sort of thing goes on you will be dismissed."

The reporter would help out the farce by murmuring apologetically about not having time to transcribe all his notes. The politician would go away mollified and Mr. Bunting would laugh heartily after he had departed, and say to the reporter: "Cut the old grouch down to two sticks next time."

Colonel William H. Cross, secretary of state for Oklahoma, probably is the only public official in the United States who signs his nickname to State documents. "Bill Cross, Secretary of State," is the unaffected signature he has affixed to records and correspondence ever since he began his tenure of office, November 16, 1907. He does this on the authority of a special opinion handed down by the attorney-general of his State.

Patroon Van der Donck, in the years after 1642, lived such a serene and robust life on his Hudson River estate that the Dutch villagers called his manor farm, "De jonkheer's landt"—the gentleman's land; later compressed by the frugal English into "Yonkers."

Little Talks on Toronto.
IV.—COLONIAL IMPERIALISM

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

"BLESS my soul!" began Sir John Bigsbee as he settled down for a conversational 'grouch' on the piazza of his friend Dr. Smugley, "in all my life as an Englishman I have never met so many Imperialists as I have in Toronto. Perfectly astounding!"

Then he gazed critically at his host.

"Ah! you are another—I see that. Proud of it, did you say? Well, I daresay an Englishman should be the last one, sir, to find any fault with it, but are these Imperialists always sure that they understand the Empire?"

Dr. Smugley gave his version. A strong Dreadnought and an Imperial freetrade man, he began to note Col. Denison on Imperial unity, when Sir John threw an impatient whiff from his cigar.

"Bosh! I've been at the heart of the Empire all my life and I can't say that I'm an Imperialist. Why? Because, sir, I've not studied the Empire. Why not? Because I've been too busy; because little England is so full of problems that even to be a member of the London County Council is enough to absorb most of one man's surplus activities intelligently. But here in Toronto—blest if every man one meets at a club from the youngest member up doesn't talk like a trumpeting encyclopaedia about the Empire on which the sun never sets. Men sir, who know more about free trade as we have it in England than I do; more about the crisis in India than Lord Curzon; Australian politics right at their finger-tips, and no objection to settling the destiny of South Africa over the same glass of whisky. Astounding? It's positively colossal!"

Dr. Smugley paid a tribute to Toronto newspapers as enlighteners of the public mind and moulders of opinion.

"Oh, I daresay. But now of course you'll excuse me if I seem to be almost what some people call 'colonial' in my lack of apprehension—how many of these editors, and what proportion of the men of Toronto have actually seen even a quarter of Canada at first hand—even through a car window. Eh?"

Mathematically impossible to answer that, of course.

"Very well then! Will you be so good as to tell me

how a citizen of Canada can be a sound Imperialist before he has even made himself acquainted with the geography and history of his own country? Mind you, I'm not saying it's a bad thing to be interested in the Empire. But of what use is that, sir, unless a man gets further than mere flag-loyalty or impulsive sentiment? No, a man's first duty is to his own land; to know that as well as he may. When he has mastered that, he may proceed to the study of empire. But he never can be a sound Imperialist till he has first of all become a sane patriot. That's as I understand it."

Sir John may have had other reasons for being so gouty over Imperialism. He had been a good bit at the clubs and had met most of the kinds of men we have in Toronto; hugely interested in them all; but being an Englishman, of course he was unable to overlook certain native peculiarities of manners which to an ordinary observer would have been quite unimportant.

"For instance now I'm told that Toronto is the most English of all Canadian cities. I'm bound to say, however, that the pronunciation of many young men whom I have met makes me rather curious. You speak so rippingly fast. Some have no sort of use for the final G. I have even heard some call your beautiful city 'T'ronta'—which may be colloquial in some sections but is certainly neither English nor elegant. I fancy United States influence may have had something to do with it."

"Oh, possibly the backwoods townships," suggested Dr. Smugley with a tinge of sarcasm. "You see, we are merely 'colonial'—even in Toronto."

"Ah! And I'm quite sure that none of you think anything of the sort," retorted Sir John. "Your editors who went to the Imperial Press Conference do not seem to have been distinguished for excessive humility—and why should they? However, you have some marked peculiarities of mannerism—even in Toronto as you say; and it does no harm to notice them occasionally, if one may do so without being rude. I believe you have been severely criticizing Englishmen in Canada for some little while now."

"Well—some Englishmen, yes. But—."

"Exactly! An Englishman with money or a title or better still with both—well, he has as royal a welcome in Toronto as any other sort of man anywhere. But, my dear sir, you turn and rend the poor, misplaced devil that comes here without cash or family name, without taking the trouble to discriminate between the really discreditable specimen and the merely unassimilated poor beggar down on his luck, you go into tirades against all Englishmen who are not just to your way of thinking. You talk of Imperialism—when you had much rather the United States farmer than the British laborer—because he brings capital into the country, I suppose."

"For precisely the same reason that we prefer to borrow money from the British investor to taking care of the British pauper immigrant," replied Dr. Smugley, with so much ginger in his tone that Sir John tacked back for a moment to the consideration of language.

"Yes," as he pompously blew his nose, "I've observed that it's a very common habit here to say—'How's business?' or 'What's new?' or 'Where are you working now?'—and all that sort of personal tommyrot. I suppose it's commercialism. But it's no mark of gentility to obtrude business discussion into polite conversation. No indeed!"

Dr. Smugley had always considered that so long as the language was good and the pronunciation indisputable, the precise topic made very little difference—barring positive indecency.

"Yes, you see," went on Sir John, "it's so easy in a young country and a commercial city like Toronto for young men to estimate patriotism by the income they have or the speculation they are into. Uh—now I should imagine that not so long ago there was very little talk of mining and western lands in Toronto, which when you've looked it all over is after all a provincial city and by no means cosmopol—"

"I beg your pardon, Sir John? I didn't quite catch that last observation—"

"By no means cosmopolitan, sir. No. You see it's evidently been but a few years since the churches were more talked about than the Yukon or Cobalt; since Toronto was known as the city of churches—since when it has become known in the United States as the nearest commercial city to the Cobalt mines. Now I'm not saying that Cobalt has been as much good to Toronto as the churches. Uh—what do you think yourself, Dr. Smugley?"

"Really, that's a hard matter to decide," said the Doctor, who had for many years been interested in Sunday School work and was known as the Bible Class financier. "I have stock in Cobalt myself."

"Precisely. Why not? But you'll observe that it would be a ticklish business to get up in a church meeting or at a layman's gathering and say so—wouldn't it now?"

Dr. Smugley smiled—rather wanly.

"So that with one hand a good part of Toronto seems to be helping the church; with the other keeping in touch with speculation. Now and then you hear a minister discussed; much more frequently a politician; more often still the stock market. What with the three of them it seems a difficult matter to find much time for national ideas—doesn't it?"

There was such a benignity about Sir John that it was impossible to feel provoked at his rather caustic observations. Dr. Smugley felt like asking him since when the Englishman had come to monopolize business ethics and that sort of thing, but because Sir John was English he felt diffident.

"Sorry you couldn't attend a meeting of our Canadian Club," he said. "I should like to have had you speak to the Club—on such topics."

"Oh! Tell me about your Canadian Club—do!"

Dr. Smugley went discursively into the remarkable evolution of these patriotic organizations in the country; from coast to coast a chain of clubs all devoted to discussing national and Imperial affairs—every little while; so that no prominent citizen of any English-speaking country ever got to Toronto and out again without having a chance to say something to the members of the Canadian Club—

"But, my dear sir, why don't you do your own talking? If the Canadian Club is to be a centre of national life, what in the world is the sense of importing your ideas from other countries? You have a tariff wall to keep out foreign goods, and to some extent postal regulations which keep out foreign or at any rate United States periodicals. But you continue to import your ideas into the Canadian Club—which I suppose is a sort of free trade in ideas. Hum! Well—at least you are an interesting people."

'So glad you think so!" murmured Dr. Smugley. "One of your editors not long ago said we were a dull and diligent lot in Ontario."

"Nonsense! Toronto is nothing if not interesting—without being in the least cosmopolitan you understand!"

"Ah! But we have the Empire Club, Sir John."

"Which, I take it, is largely a nebula."

"Well—Col. Denison is a member; one of the most enthusiastic."

"Ah! I have read Col. Denison's sayings. They are interesting."

"Indeed they are! He is the most remarkable police magistrate in the world. He is a great cavalryman. His book on cavalry tactic won the Franco-Prussian war. He gave Chamberlain the idea of the Imperial zolverein—"

"Which your Manufacturers' Association consider a very good joke, I've no doubt, when it comes to throwing your markets wide-open to British manufactured goods. Bosh! I am not an out-and-out Free Trader, but I see no sense in talking about Imperializing industries. With a country fairly bursting with raw materials for manufacturing purposes, and vast areas for an agricultural population making food cheap—as it ought to be—why should Canada be regarded as simply the future granary of the Empire, while Great Britain insists upon being the Imperial factory? No, no! Industries must flourish where labor and raw material can be most economically and comfortably sustained. England is cursed with indigent labor that has to be fed by the imported loaf."

"Then you believe in British capital invested in Canadian enterprises, Sir John?"

"Well, if in railways and municipal debentures, why not in industries as well? If the dividends on stock go to England, so to speak, why should not the wages of labor go to the country which furnishes the raw material? By the way, your United States friends have large investments in Canadian factories, I believe! What is the total amount—or thereabouts?"

"More than a hundred and twenty-five millions, I believe."

"Which of course means a large employment of Canadian labor. Very good. Let the dividends go where they will. So long as you have the wages of labor and the products of the soil with a free access to the world's markets in competition with your rivals you need never worry about free trade within the Empire."

IN MEMORY OF OUR SOUTH AFRICAN HEROES.

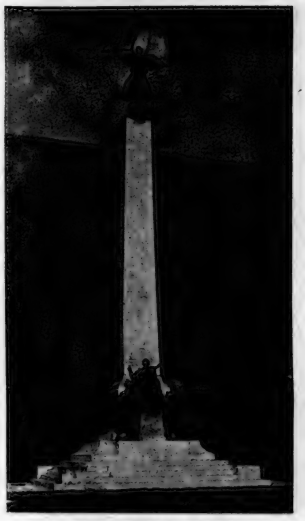
Laying the corner stone of the monument which Toronto is erecting to the memory of those who fell in South Africa during the Boer war. In the centre, trowel in hand, stands Lieutenant-Governor J. M. Gibson. On the left in the extreme rear is seen Edmund Bristol, M.P., who made an address, while immediately back of Mr. Gibson stands Major Macdonald. Sidney H. Jones, secretary of the South African Association, is on the Lieutenant-Governor's left.

Some Country Postmasters.

A GOOD many summer sojourners, who during the past fortnight have been drifting back to the city, are full of sound and fury anent that peculiar type the Rural Postmaster. The potentate in question deserves to have his name spelled in capital letters, for he exercises a prerogative greater than any that his nominal employer, His Majesty Edward VII., would ever presume to, and often if he is located in a lonely place beyond the beaten paths of the inspectorial staff he is nothing less than a Czar. Instances could be multiplied of the tyranny that this individual exercises in a small community.

City folk who are accustomed to receiving a great deal of mail matter simply go to headquarters when anything goes wrong. They are courteously treated. Half a dozen officials are solicitous to have matters set right. No enquiry is made as to their politics, their ancestry is not maligned, and their right of inheritance is not called in question. But when you get out to Podunk in the township of Sassafras, where Richard Roe or John Doe keeps the only store within miles and is postmaster as well, things, so to speak, "is different." The said Roe or the said Doe has been in the past a political heeler at election times. He has gum-shoed around the side lines; if there was a "bar'l" to be opened he helped to distribute the contents, and some of it stuck on his hands. For his zeal he has been appointed postmaster at a nominal salary. The salary does not count for so much though a dollar bill looks mighty big in certain parts of Ontario, but the prestige is immense. Perhaps before his appointment he did not have a store. When appointed postmaster he starts one. In a few months the establishment of his deposed or deceased predecessor falls into his hands because people have to go to his store for their mail matter and if they do not deal with him it may be a long time coming. Now in the country, where a letter from the son who is in the West or the daughter who is married in the States or working in the city is a precious and beloved offering, the relief of loneliness and the balm of sorrow, any uncertainty about receiving it strikes terror into the heart of the old folks at home, and it is necessary to cultivate the good will of the postmaster if it is to come regularly. City sojourners who do not understand this and are not customers get a rude shock when they run up against the magnate.

Last summer a Toronto lady spent the summer in a hamlet on the Niagara peninsula. During her absence some question arose as to her husband's insurance, and he was anxious to get the policy, but did not know where she kept it. He wrote a hurry-up letter about it, but for half a week received daily letters from her with no mention of the policy. Finally he telegraphed and found that she had not received the communication. On enquiry she was handed a letter which had been opened by a family with a name resembling her own in the last syllable, and living on the "second concession." As the lady had spent several summers in the place and was known to every dog on the street and successive generations of grasshoppers, she was naturally annoyed. The real explanation was that the family in question was related to the postmaster and also in a state of feud with the people in whose house she was living. The letter had been opened to find some gossip if available. This, however, was not the explanation given by the postmaster. He snarled that he had put it into the wrong



MONUMENT TO THE FALLEN BRAVE.

South African war memorial now in course of erection on University avenue, Toronto. The monument is to cost $35,000 and the sculptor is W. S. Allward.

box, and seemed to be of the opinion that once a letter got into another person's box that person had a perfect right to read it. This is a view that prevails widely in rural communities. The lady expressed her views with some asperity, whereat the postmaster haughtily answered with an oath:

"Now, look here, you, you won't get your letters at all if you talk like that. You can tell your husband to write to some other post office."

As the only other post office was five miles away, this was a serious threat. When hubby came over on Saturday the situation was laid before him. He went to have an interview with Mr. Postmaster, who entrenched himself behind his wares and hotly declared that he gave letters to such persons as he pleased and he didn't give a darn for anybody because there was nobody round there big enough to touch him in his job.

This was what the kicker wanted.

"Who is the member for this riding?" he continued.

"Oh! he's a Tory; I don't give a —— for him!" was the response.

The gentleman came back to Toronto and wrote a plain account of the matter to Ottawa. He was asked to see Inspector Ross, and laid the case verbally before him. Next time he crossed the lake he encountered a sadder, wiser and much humbler postmaster.

The village community was so elated at the turn of events that they almost wanted to give him a turkey and a bag of dried applies. The postmaster had been withholding mail from them at his own discretion for years. Such instances, though comparatively few considering the total number of post offices, could be duplicated in every riding in Ontario.

In the northern sections conditions are worse, though curiosity is more frequently at the basis of the trouble than mere tyranny. The postmaster or his family open the letters just to get news from the city. If the letter is interesting they show it to their friends and the person addressed does not get it at all. A Toronto man who had a sister sojourning in the pine woods for her health discovered this situation,, and, being somewhat of a humorist, he went to see the postmaster, who was not a bad fellow.

"Look here, old man," he said; "I don't mind your opening the letters I write my sister, but for God's sake give them to her afterward."

The postmaster promised he would. He saw nothing unique in the request.

More frequently newspapers sent to the city sojourner go astray or rather into the bosom of the postmaster's family. This past month a Toronto gentleman sent a morning daily to his wife, who was summering in Simcoe county. In every letter from her came complaints that she did not get the paper and that he must be neglecting her. Finally in desperation the husband sat down and wrote a postcard which he knew the postmaster would read:

"If you do not get your paper it is because the postmaster keeps it to read himself. I forget what the penalty is for this."

The paper was delivered regularly after that!

Edison's Giant Rock-Crusher.

A MACHINE that will reduce a boulder weighing from 12 to 14 tons and 7 or 8 feet in width into a pile of 6-inch rocks suitable for smaller rollers to crush into road-making material has been built by Thomas A. Edison, we are told by *American Industries* (New York). This great crusher weighs nearly 40 tons. We read:

"Inside of the machine are two large rollers, 7 feet wide and 6 feet in diameter, which are enclosed in a gigantic hopper. These rolls have octagonal-faced mandrels, or plate-beds, on which the molars or grinders are fastened with bolts that weigh from 10 to 30 pounds each. These rollers are attached to a pulley which is connected with a belt to a large motor with great horsepower. A terrific speed is generated, and the railroad freight-car is backed up to the hopper, on which are usually two 14-ton boulders. A magnetic lifting-contrivance is lowered over them, a clutch grips the heavy rock and then a button is pressed and a lever pulled. The stone is dropped by the shutting off of the magnetic currents and falls into the hopper. There is a terrific roar and the boulder is crushed."

The famous cedars of Lebanon also grow in India and Algeria, but their home is the Lebanons of northern Syria. In ancient times the sides of the whole mountain were covered with them, but now they are found in only one small hollow on the northwestern slope. These are securely fenced in, but in spite of the great care of the gardener, the 200 that now survive will soon die and the species will become extinct.

How Long Can One Work Well?

ONE of the most important economic problems is: How many hours of daily work have value? The whole problem was discussed with insight by Prof. S. J. Chapman at the British Association meeting at Winnipeg.

He remarked that the increasing nervous strain of industrial work, whether it resulted from the progressive specialization of labor or not, would account sufficiently for the curious circumstance that there was apparently no finality about any solution of the ever-recurring problem of the normal working day, though it was not the sole explanation. He had found no instance in which an abbreviation of hours had resulted in a proportionate curtailment of output. There was every reason to suppose that the production in the shorter hours had seldom fallen short by any very appreciable amount of the production in the longer hours.

In some cases the product, or the value of the product, had actually been augmented after a short interval. In a few cases the reaction of the shorter hours on the output per week had been instantaneously noticeable, and the new product had surpassed the old product before mechanical methods could be improved.

Further, for some industries—for instance, for the Lancashire cotton industry—we had preserved for us the results of a string of observations reaching back about three-quarters of a century, and it would appear from them that the beneficial effects wrought upon output by the shortening of hours were substantially repeated, though, of course, in different degrees, at each successive reduction of the working day.

The use of leisure affected, of course, mental vitality, culture, and character, and it would therefore be generally observable that labor which had had its hours reduced would be capable after a time—when the use of leisure had been improved, and the improvement had produced its effects—of managing satisfactorily more complicated machinery, and would be generally more responsible and trustworthy, and therefore less in need of continuous watching and directing.

It must be insisted that the amount of the real wage yielded by a given money wage varied as the time left to spend it; and, further, that the value of leisure was a function of the goods which could be enjoyed in the period of leisure. The acute operative would aim at so distributing his time between work and recreation that the gain resulting from a little more leisure would equal the loss consequent upon the implied diminution of wages. Hence, when the volume of goods per head annually supplied to labor was augmented, an attempt would almost certainly be made by the operatives to buy more leisure, even if the satisfaction derived from leisure were unaffected, which it would not be, because the satisfaction derived from leisure must rise when each hour of leisure was enriched by greater possessions.

As regarded the effect of education, he thought it unquestionable that, on the whole, educational advance caused a curtailment of hours. The eight-hours day had come to be regarded by some social reformers as the ideal of the future. The non-physiological value of leisure, as well as its physiological value, must rise with progress, and therefore, in all probability the hours which should normally be worked per day would become steadily less. The ideal working day of the future could not be eight hours, for it must be essentially a progressive ideal. As a community advanced agitation for shorter hours would be constantly breaking out anew. If this were a correct reading of progress, it was important that we should understand fully the forces at work at each resettlement of the length of the working day, those on the employing side as well as those expressed in the claims of the operatives.

It would seem that two reasons at least could be derived from economic theory for State intervention in the matter of the hours of labor, if it were assumed that the State could discover what was best for the country. The one was to correct the tendency of people engaged in industry to agree upon an amount of sacrifice to money-making, which meant a large future loss, involving the next generation for a small present gain; the other was to fortify, if needful, the resistance of operatives to the disposition of some employers to secure a greater product at the expense of the operatives' convenience. This conclusion would, however, be too hasty a deduction. Economic matters were settled, not merely by the self-regarding forces hitherto emphasized, but also by social conceptions, embodied in public opinion and class notions of what was right and proper, which defied expert analysis and any accurate evaluation as influences.

These social conceptions, which were not deliberately framed on a rationalistic basis, but proceeded insensibly, as it were, from the needs of human life, were less intermixed with religious elements now than they used to be, but were none the less powerful. He was hopeful that the intangible force of public opinion, directed by economic and ethical enlightenment over a field rendered yearly more co-extensive with contemporary facts in consequence of the growing demand for publicity and the response made to that demand by governmental authorities and the Press, would become in the future an increasingly efficacious factor in progress, apart from its expression in law. But it was disturbing to notice that a close-set limit was imposed upon reduction of hours by the heavy interest and depreciation charges with which the product of a machine was burdened when it worked only a fraction of the time for which interest must be paid.

Without general recourse to shift systems he could not see any immediate prospect of much additional leisure for the mass of the population. Were the objections to shifts of such gravity as to counteract their immense economies? The fact that an affirmative answer was generally given to this question in the past was no proof that the affirmative was the right answer to-day in England, or even in industrial Canada. Conditions had been revolutionized in the last fifty years.

Improvements in artificial lighting and in intra-urban transportation had alone swept away a mass of the conditions underlying the evils which used to be associated with night work, and two or three shifts of approximately seven hours each, or three or four shifts of approximately six hours each—a not immediately attainable ideal—were very different in their effects upon social life, exclusive of those associated with the shorter period of toil for each workman, from two shifts of some ten or eleven hours each.

With the shorter shift in use, arrangements could be made without much difficulty for all operatives to get most of their sleep in the night, if they so wished, and to enjoy most of their leisure in daylight. In Dr. Marshall's words, were shift systems more extensively adopted, "The arts of production would progress more rapidly; the national dividend would increase; working men would be able to earn higher wages without checking the growth of capital, or tempting it to migrate to countries where wages are lower; and all classes of society would reap benefit from the change."

The Lure of The Desert Land.

Have you slept in a tent alone—a tent
Out under the desert sky—
Where a thousand thousand desert miles
All silent 'round you lie?—
The dust of the æons of ages dead,
And the peoples that trampled by!

Have you looked in the desert's painted cup,
Have you smelled at dawn the wild sage musk,
Have you seen the lightning flashing up
From the ground, in the desert dusk?

Have you heard the song in the desert rain
(Like the undertone of a wordless rhyme),
Have you watched the glory of colors flame
In its marvel of blossom time?

Have you lain with your face in your hands, afraid,
Face down—flat down on your face—and prayed,
While the terrible sand-storm whirled and swirled
In its soundless fury, and hid the world
And quenched the sun in its yellow glare—
Just you, and your soul, and nothing, there?

If you have, then you know, for you've felt its spell,
The lure of the desert land.
And if you have not, then I could not tell—
For you could not understand.
—Madge Morris, in Lippincott's.

Mrs. Lapsling indignantly repudiated the idea that her cousin Henry was an atheist. "He isn't anything of the kind," she said. "He's what they call an eggnogstic."—Life.

Many a man will say, "yes, I understand," when he thinks you don't know what you're talking about.

The Daughters of Bedlam.

AS Maisie passed slowly through the tea room to the table where Monica awaited her she was the cynosure of all eyes. Women in superb costumes and with jewels glittering at their throats lifted their lorgnons to their hard, worldly eyes and gazed enviously after the fair, young girl, who in her sweet unconsciousness seemed a veritable vision of Spring and Summer, 1909.

There was a rustle, a whisper, a murmur of exclamations throughout the whole room, for it was not alone Maisie's beauty which challenged comment but her faultless costume.

"The *dernier cri*," murmured one woman, "Bewitchingly crazy," sighed another, and "What simple, unstudied eccentricity!" exclaimed a third.

"Maisie," cried Monica as, with hands which trembled with excitement, she poured a cup of tea for her newly arrived friend—"Maisie, you have created a sensation!"

"Have I?" said Maisie, flushing slightly as she helped herself to a buttered crumpet and some lobster salad and orange marmalade and a caviar sandwich and all those little things which ethereal young girls love for afternoon tea and which but serve to whet their appetites for dinner. "Have I?" she repeated. "I wonder why?"

"How do you do it?" sighed Monica. "Your allowance is smaller than mine and yet you wear these wonderful French clothes."

Maisie laughed gently. "My hat and my gown may look French," she said, "but nevertheless they are of home manufacture. Listen, Monica. I know that I can trust you, so I will give you my confidence. I had nothing new to wear, and my allowance was all spent. That was the situation which faced me. What was I to do? It is such moments, Monica, that bring out the best that is in us, our strength of character and powers of resource. So, dear, I rose to the occasion. From attic to cellar I searched until I found this peach basket. I first covered it with net and then fastened this cluster of carrots, tomatoes and moss rosebuds on this side, and the bunch of gooseberries, gardenias and celery on the other side. There was my hat. But I had no gown. Almost, Monica, my weak woman's heart failed me; and then I suddenly remembered my mother's high necked, long sleeved nightdresses. I am wearing one, you see, with a chiffon sash tied about my knees."

"And what could be smarter?" sighed Monica ecstatically.

Maisie nibbled a bit of fruit tart, swallowed a spoonful of ice cream, and tasted a chocolate eclair before answering. Then she said:

"Dear Monica, if you do not wish to be regarded as a frump, you've got to be willing to look like a freak That is the unwritten law at present which all women understand. In this year of grace 1909 the last limits of insanity are the first demands of Fashion."—Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, in Life.

IN order to avoid an argument with a woman suffragist on the subject of her hobby, a happy bachelor gallantly acquiesced in the truth of her assertions.

"But, sir," sternly remarked the spinster, "your admission is anything but creditable to you. What, for instance, have you ever done for the emancipation of woman?"

"Madam," responded the gentleman with a polite smile and a bow, "I have at least remained a bachelor!"

AT a court of justice in Australia much frequented by Chinese a newly appointed crier was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand.

"Call for Ah Song," was the command. The crier was puzzled for a moment. He glanced shyly at the judge, but found him quite grave. Then he turned to the spectators.

"Gentlemen," he asked, "would any of you favor his lordship with a song?"

THERE is a certain type of femininity which instinctively understands the proprieties of a buggy ride. Helen, aged three, cuddled up close to her father, this being her first ride with him unattended.

As father tucked the robe about the dainty miss and chirped to his horse he asked, "What shall we talk about, dearie?"

"Well, father," as she laid her little hand on his arm, "let's talk about loving each other."

AN alert little five-year-old was visiting a city park with her mother for the first time. She had noticed the beautiful red and white swan boats, as they passed through in the morning, and her mother had promised they should come back after the shopping was done and have a ride.

Shortly after dinner they stood on the bridge over the lagoon, watching the boats below and listening to the cry of the barker as he tried to induce the passing crowds to patronize his swan boats.

But when her mother started toward the boat landing, little Elsie declared very vigorously that she did not want to go at all, and as her mother urged her, broke forth in tears.

This sudden fear was so different from her former eagerness that her mother could not understand it until she noticed the boatman's call.

He was crying: "Come along, come along—ride clear around the pond—only five cents for ladies and gents—children thrown in!"—Youth's Companion.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS sometimes made fun of rival editors. Simon Simpson, a rival editor of Mobile, having been made fun of, wrote angrily in his rage: "Joel Harris has been getting off some cheap wit at our expense."

Joel, on reading this, grabbed his pen and dashed off, for next day's issue:

"It must have been cheap, Simon, to be at your expense."

LITTLE Robert and "Jim," the grocer's delivery man, were great friends; and on the momentous day of Robert's promotion from dresses to knickerbockers he waited eagerly in front of the house for "Jim's" coming. But the delivery man, when he came, busied himself about his wagon, without seeming to see anything unusual in his small chum's appearance.

Robert stood around hopefully in various conscious positions until he could stand it no longer.

"'Jim,'" he burst out at last, "is your horses 'fraid of pants?"

Ikey—Vat is a promoter? Father of Ike—A promoter is von who vill supply der ocean if some von else will furnish der ships.—Princeton Tiger.

"Did your new chauffeur turn out all right?" "No; that's why he's in the hospital."—Puck.

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The Picture Tells the Story

The illustration herewith is a reproduction from an instantaneous photograph of a cricket game, with a Soho Reflex Hand Camera.

The clearness of this photo tells, better than words could do, the remarkable efficiency of the Soho Camera.

The accurate photographing of swiftly moving objects is the best test of the worth of a camera, and the Soho invariably fulfills the expectations of its owner, no matter how fast the action of the object to be photographed.

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SPORTING COMMENT

GAMES AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION. BOBBY KERR WINNING THE 100-YARD DASH IN THE

IN spite of the fine showing made by Toronto at the end of the season, and in spite of the Scarboro' team being still far in the lead of any team in the N.L.U. in the matter of the number of goals scored, the lacrosse season is over for Toronto, both in the matter of championship games and in the chances of either local team for the title. That unfortunate game at Ottawa put the Torontos out of the running, and it was clear even before that that the Tecumsehs had no chance of retaining the championship. It is now a question to be decided between the Shamrocks, the league leaders, and the Montrealers, who seem to have the best chance of winning out. Judged on form, it seems certain that the M.A.A.A. team will beat the Shamrocks in their home game and so make it a tie for first place. If they do so they should win out, but then you never can tell what the luck will be. Besides, the Irishmen have the reputation of being good finishers. But whatever the result, Toronto fans are in the role of disinterested spectators.

* * *

JUST now the Toronto ball team is making a sort of garrison finish, and seems likely to end well up in the first division. Well, they deserve a good place, for they have been playing good ball on the whole, in spite of some pretty tough luck at times. Their weak spot right along has been their inability to hit when hits were most needed; but just now they seem to be getting to the ball very effectively. A few good bumps for the leaders and a few good boosts for the locals, and—well, you never can tell what might or mightn't happen.

* * *

QUITE a little tennis interest centres just now in the preliminary Davis Cup matches, which are being played at Philadelphia for the purpose of deciding whether England or the United States will have the honor of challenging the Australians for the cup. And in this connection there is one point about these preliminary matches which comes rather as a surprise to those who are scrupulous with regard to the ethics of sport. It is this: the Americans are playing one team against the British visitors, and sending quite another to Australia for the cup. They are represented here by their very best men, Larned and Clothier, but they are sending second-raters like McLaughlin and Long to Australia. The obvious conclusion is that they are determined to beat the British team at any cost, without much regard to the winning of the international trophy. This sort of thing produces a very unpleasant effect, and while strictly speaking it may be the right of the United States to send any team it pleases to play the Australian champions, good sportsmanship would require that they should send the team that plays in the preliminary matches. For this is not a question of the rivalry of nations, or should not be, but is merely an endeavor to get the best possible team of challengers. This the present American tactics are making impossible.

* * *

TALKING about Americans and their sporting ideals—always a rather delicate subject—a sporting writer in The Bystander has seen fit to become somewhat sarcastic. In speaking of the fact that in England lawn tennis is not much encouraged in the public schools because it is supposed to encourage selfishness, the writer goes on to say: "They do these things differently—though one is by no means prepared to say better—in America. There lawn tennis does not suffer from any lack of recognition in the schools, and most of the Transatlantic young men of the moment, such as Karl Behr of the flopping flaxen locks, began a serious lawn tennis career while still *in statu pupillari*. I am told that, though Beals Wright and the great Larned are not to be counted upon, America has a particularly promising lot of youngsters to choose from for the Davis Cup this year. The very suspicion of a school ban on lawn tennis on the grounds indicated is, indeed, impossible in America. To the sportsmen of that nation any proposition of the undesirability of pot-hunting would seem but as so much "hot air." They are out to win things, and in their philosophy it is the end that ranks, not the means. That is not to say that the means are not good, but simply that their value, among a nation of fact-and-figure-worshippers, is measured solely in terms of tangible victory. Yet the idea that the best team always wins is no more irrefragably true than that the party which wins a general election is always the best, that is, the strongest, party. Superiority in runs or goals or votes at a particular juncture is, it is true, the only tangible test we have in either case; but that does not make it necessarily a final and conclusive one. I am particularly moved to these remarks by the indignant outcry of an American contemporary against a suggestion recently made in another portion of The Bystander—apropos of the international polo matches—that goals were not the sole criterion of the respective merits of the teams therein engaged, and that our men, though they were outscored, were not in any sense outplayed. In the light of what I have noted above, this astonished incredulity at the idea of general excellence apart from material success will not appear surprising. 'American ideas of true sport always were a little different from the English idea,' concludes the critic. That's so. We, no doubt, 'bore' them sometimes with our ideas, and they sometimes 'bore' us. At the Stadium, for instance."

* * *

THAT Canada can turn out other great long distance runners besides Tom Longboat, was made clear at Lowell, Mass., the other day when a dark-faced, slender boy from Quebec trotted home at the head of a long line of runners, including John J. Hayes, winner of the Olympic Marathon. Hans Holmer—for that was the boy's name—not only won with the greatest ease, but clipped 18 seconds off the world's record for the distance. That he could have shortened it by minutes had he been pressed was the opinion of all who witnessed his feat. He ran the 26 miles and 385 yards in 2 hours, 43 minutes, and 37 seconds. Holmer is a resident of Quebec city, and is well known throughout Canada as a great long distance runner. It may be that he developed his tremendous endurance climbing the hills of the Ancient Capital. Anyone who has ever walked much about the city in question will realize what grand training it is for anything from a marathon to a six-day bicycle race.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL bicycle racing is not the dead sport it is supposed to be, as is evident from a statement of what some of the best known racers earn. Of the men who have made fortunes by the pedal, and who are still earning substantial incomes through it, Floyd McFarland, the dean of professional riders, stands out foremost. McFarland, who has been a professional rider since 1893, has earned in that time a sum of money which, if saved, would enable him to settle down for the rest of his life in luxury. Then there is Frank Kramer, champion sprinter, whose earnings as a racer have purchased an interest in a large lumber and real estate business. Both McFarland and Kramer, even in these comparatively dull times, make about $3,000 annually. Major Taylor, a colored man, who for years was the marvel of the cycle world, is another whose wheel has kept his exchequer well supplied. He is still riding, and though the money is not so plentiful and easy as it was in the old days, he nevertheless manages to put about $2,500 a year in his pocket. James Moran, of Chelsea, Massachusetts, who with McFarland won the six-day race at Madison Square Garden last winter, divided a purse of $1,500 together with outside sums paid by tire concerns and bicycle manufacturers amounting to in all nearly $5,000, with his team mate. This included bonuses from the management of the race. The six-day racers pay dearly for their money, however. The other leading teams in these heart-breaking contests draw from $800 down to $200 in prizes. Bobby Walthour, the pace follower, is worth about $40,000, which he has made on his wheel.

* * *

APROPOS of the Manchester and Bank Holiday cricket crowds I quote the following, from a man who knows something about the game in most of its aspects. "The Yorkshire and Lancashire crowds," he says, "are the best and fairest in my experience. The worst are those at Trent Bridge and Leyton, and of late years on Bank Holidays at Bristol and Brighton, though few people have a good word for the assembly which gathers on the roof of a public-house overlooking the Oval. The general tendency of crowds is, I regret to say, to get worse." "Cricket," he adds, "must never be allowed to be ruled by the populace." The words are those of "W.G.," whose cricketing memory stretches back to the days of Julius Cæsar (the great cricketer, not the man they give you to translate), and are taken from his capital "Little Book," which contains the best tabloid history of the Tests.

* * *

TALKING of Tests, past and present, says a writer in The Bystander, I have been struck by the light which their records throw upon the shortness—proved by the few notable exceptions, such as "W. G." himself—of a great cricketer's cricketing life. It came to me with something of a shock of surprise, for instance, to realize that only a dozen years ago befel the occasion of "Ranji's" debut in a Test Match. And now his good-bye to first-class cricket is already a thing of the dimming past. Of course, his case was a little way out of the common. It is not every "flannelled fool" who runs the risk of having mere Jam-ness thrust upon him while more or less at the zenith of his cricket career. But even if he had not been elevated to a throne, "Ranji's" cricket was very probably near its close—witness the serious illness which soon after laid him up for such a long time. It would be interesting to calculate just what the average "run" of a first-class cricketer, batsman or bowler, works out at. I should be surprised to learn that it came to much more than about a dozen years.

PLAYFAIR.

A man gave a dime to a young darky who had done him some trifling service. The darky handed it back. "Now, Marse Billy," he said, "you knows I doan' want no pay for what I does for you. Des gimme dat ole suit o' clo'es youse got on."
—Argonaut.

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EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

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PRINCESS

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DE WOLF HOPPER

The Leading American Comedian and Toronto Favorite, in the NEW SONG COMEDY,

"A MATINEE IDOL"

The funniest part that Hopper has ever had.

Music by SILVIO HEIN.

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GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Week of **Sept 20** Matinees Wed. & Sat.

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DAILY MATINEES LADIES 10c

WEEK OF SEPT. 20

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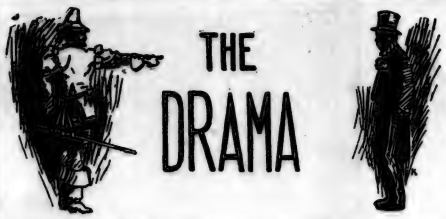
Prices 15, 25, 35, 50 & 75 c.

WEEK OF SEPT. 27

"THE SERENADERS"



THE DRAMA

EUGENE WALTER is a man of rare talent and great vigor of imagination. In his own special dramatic field—the life of the cheap flat-holder or the denizen of the tenderloin in such a city as New York—he is unrivalled. He is in his own country then and in the midst of the life he knows, the life with which as a police reporter in New York, he made himself thoroughly familiar. When he tries to depict that kind of existence he is a master. Every stroke falls true and sure, everything his puppets do, and everything they say has the right ring and convinces you of its truth to life. Those who remember the first part of "Paid in Full," with its superbly realistic pictures of the life of the flat-dweller on eighteen dollars a week, will need no assurance of Eugene Walter's skill in the delineation of the life he knows. But when Eugene Walter starts out to tell the public how people live and love and die in the land of the Hudson Bay Company, when he tries to depict the simple characters and fierce passions of the untutored children of the northern plains, he is about as much at home as a hippopotamus

DE WOLF HOPPER,
In "A Matinee Idol," at the Princess next week.

in Greenland, or a Boston terrier in a wolf-pack. The result is nothing more or less than what Brother Teddy has dubbed "nature-faking," and "nature-faking" of that particular flagrant kind which has chosen the great West as its special province.

"The Wolf," as played at the Royal Alexandra this week, is not a success from any point of view, except that of stage-setting, which is quite good. Otherwise, it is a poor play, poorly played. The plot is absurdly improbable, and there is not a human being in it—nothing but puppets whose ungainly limbs and unnatural actions show the wires of the manipulator at every move. It is all of the stage, stagey. The characters in all scenes of emotion talk a stilted conventional language never heard anywhere else but on the boards—generally in "ten-twenty-thirties"—or in the pages of certain paper-backed novels. And they act according to the dramatist's idea of the requirements of the plot, without the slightest regard to their own characters or the probabilities. Just for instance, a man of the type of Baptiste, a burly, half-witted voyageur, whose whole life had become one long thirst for swift and terrible vengeance on the man who had stolen his sweetheart and left her to die, would never in the world have let that man escape when he had him at the end of a rifle-barrel, especially as the villain was just about to shoot Batiste's master and had him covered with a big revolver. The only assignable reason for his not shooting was that the playwright required a third act. And this is only one of a hundred inconsistencies. But there is no need of going into the details of the plot. It is melodrama, but not good melodrama at that, as it lacks the great swiftness and variety of incident in good specimens of the class. There is altogether too much talk, and the talk is stilted and unreal. The play altogether fails to grip the spectator, in spite of a few tense moments, as in the scene at the portage of the Little Bear River. But even here the crudeness of the playwright's work was evident. Experienced woodsmen and hunters like Jules Beaubien, do not sit around a fire waiting for their enemies to come and take pot-shots at them from the shadow of the forest.

As for the acting, it was on the whole about on a level with the play. Carl Anthony, who played Jules Beaubien, was the only one to do a really satisfactory piece of work. But he managed to get out of his part whatever there was in it. He has, furthermore, a good stage presence and an extremely pleasant voice. The other characters were weak, but in view of the deficiencies of the play, it is hardly fair to be severe on the players. Even an all-star company could hardly make it acceptable.

* * *

THERE is perhaps no form of theatrical production which is of such ephemeral interest as musical comedy. Every year brings forth great successes in this class of performance. They catch the newest popular fancy and become the rage of a season. Their jokes grow into bywords; their jingling melodies pursue us relentlessly. The office-boy whistles them, and the young lady next door thrums them on the piano to the accompaniment of gargling noises. The clothes of the chorus-ladies rise to the dignity of a fashion. Cigars are named after the principal comedian, and the leading lady lends her name to a new brand of sundae. In a word the show makes a hit, and it takes half a dozen companies of varying excellence to satisfy the demands of the different theatrical circuits. But the season passes, and with it the freshness and appeal of the musical comedy. The jests lose their life; the songs are hackneyed, and the dances no longer startle. Musical comedies are like pancakes and must be served hot. Old ones are apt to have a flavor as of ancient buckwheats.

All this introduction would probably lead one to suppose that I am not very enthusiastic with regard to "King Dodo," which played at the Princess during the early part of this week. And frankly, I am not. It was sufficiently well played, and the staging was excellent. The chorus was good-looking and well gowned, and could sing as well as they were required to. Eleanor Kent was good to watch and good to hear in the role of the young soldier of fortune, and she received adequate support. But with all that, the performance was somewhat disappointing, even for those who were seeing it for the first time. The producer did the best that could be done for the old comedy, but "King Dodo" has passed even the stage of senile decay. The old boy died some two seasons ago and can't be galvanized into life. The only thing to do with him is to lay him gently away in the great graveyard of stageland, where so many successes of a day find with the failures a kindly oblivion.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Princess—"A Matinee Idol."

Royal Alexandra—"The Debtors."

Grand—"The Promoters."

Shea's—Vaudeville.

Majestic—Vaudeville.

Gayety—The Rentz-Santley Co.

DE WOLF HOPPER, the colossal fun-maker, is to be at the Princess next week in a new production, "A Matinee Idol." This time he plays, not a comic opera king, but a broken down tragedian, and he is said to be funnier than ever. This, however, looks like a reckless statement, for to be any funnier than De Wolf Hopper has been, is certainly "going some." The scenes of the play are laid on the Norman coast of France, and this has given an opportunity for some beautiful stage pictures. The burly comedian is supported by an excellent company, including as it does Miss Harriet Burt, Miss Ethel Dovey, and George Backus. The chorus, always a very important part of such productions, is said to be large, handsome, well gowned, and well voiced. Altogether the bill-of-fare sounds good. And as an added inducement it is promised that Hopper will recite the ever young "Casey at the Bat." He was asked the other day how many times he had recited it. "I don't know," replied Hopper, "for it seems to me now as if I had been reciting 'Casey' all my life. I imagine, however, I have recited it two thousand times, for despite the fact that it is perfectly familiar to the public, I am always called on to do it whether it is between the acts of a play or at a banquet. Every year I make up my mind that I am going to let it die out and that I will refuse to do it but so far I have not been able to resist the call."

* * *

In spite of the fact that most of the characters in "The Debtors," which comes to the Alexandra next week, are taken from Dickens' novel "Little Dorrit," the play is not directly a dramatization of the book. It is rather an English adaptation of a play which has been very successful in Germany, having run for two years in Berlin. The scene, however, is laid in the famous Marchelsea prison described by Dickens, and one is

DIGBY BELL,
In "The Debtors," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

introduced to all the old familiar characters, "the father of the Marchelsea," little Amy, Fanny, Tip, John Chivery, and all the rest of them. But the story has been changed somewhat to suit the requirements of the theatre. In the play Arthur Clennan is represented as devoting all his efforts to restoring the old debtor to his rights and to winning the hand of Amy. This furnishes the main motive of the plot, which is worked out in a number of scenes of comedy and pathos, many of which are not found in the famous novel. The character of William Dorrit, the debtor, is in the very capable hands of Mr. Digby Bell, while Miss Kathleen Clifford, who will be remembered for her work as the child in "The Top o' the World," plays Amy Dorrit.

* * *

That well known team of musical comedians, Ward and Vokes, will bring their second edition of "The Promoters" to the Grand next week. It is said that this year's version of the entertainment is quite as good as the one which proved popular last season. The company is practically the same, but a number of new features have been introduced in the performance. Ward and Vokes themselves have a new specialty, and the music of the production is said to contain a number of new song hits.

* * *

Carrie de Mar, known as the "international comedienne," is the star attraction at Shea's next week. She is giving an almost entirely new programme of songs this season, retaining only such perennial favorites as "Lonesome Flossie." Her new characters include a dainty skit entitled "Dolly Dollikins vs. Billy Brown," "Come Hear Him Play Om-ta-ra-ra," "The Dissatisfied Girl," and "The Whole Damm Family," in which she

FRANCESCA REDDING
In "Honora," at the Majestic next week.

appears as Lizzie Damm. The special features for the week will be "Slivers," the Barnum and Bailey clown, assisted by Artie Nelson; Porter J. White and Co., presenting a one act playlet entitled "The Visitor"; the Temple Quartette; Vinie Daly; Cook and Stevens, the Frey Twins, and the Wheelers.

* * *

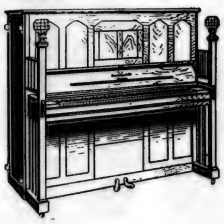
At the Majestic Music Hall next week the bill will include: Edith Helena, the American soprano, who is said to possess a phenomenal range; Francesca Redding and her company in a sketch by C. L. Calder, entitled "Honora"; the Royal Joe Boganny Troupe of Lunatic Bakers in a comedy act; Joe and Savoie Britton in what is labeled an "eccentric act"; the Bruno Kramer Trio, gymnasts; Foster and Foster in a musical specialty; Pierce and Roslyn in a song and dance act; and Willie Hale in "parlor pastimes"—whatever that is.

* * *

The Rentz-Santley Company will have the burden of entertaining the patrons of the Gayety next week, but in view of the fact that they have been doing this stunt for about thirty-eight years—or so their advance agent claims—they shouldn't find much difficulty in doing it just once more. This season they will give a new programme, including two burlesques, "Gay Monte Carlo," and "Teddy in the Jungle."

FIRST-NIGHTER.

To furnish a home complete, almost everyone concedes the necessity of a piano; yet how many thousands of homes contain an instrument that is practically useless, owing to the inability of the members of the family to play it.



Why, therefore, should anyone consider the purchase of a piano without at least first investigating the merits of an instrument that can be played by all—such as the

Heintzman & Co. Player Piano

(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co.)

This particular player-piano, which is no larger than a regular upright piano, and no different in appearance, is a distinctly new creation, possessing unlimited musical possibilities.

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WEEK OF SEPT. 20th

DIGBY BELL WITH **KATHLEEN CLIFFORD**

and a Big Company of English Actors in

THE DEBTORS

A comedy founded on Charles Dickens' famous story Little Dorrit by

MARGARET MAYO

Even'gs 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50

Mats. 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00

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via Grand Trunk Railway System. Return tickets at single fare with ten cents added from Toronto to a great many points in Ontario, including Muskoka, Lake of Bays, etc. Good going Saturday or Sunday, returning Monday after date of issue. Tickets and further information at City Ticket Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

"Why do you call that horse Summer Boarder?" "Because," answered Farmer Corntossel, "he don't do nothin' but eat and kick."—Washington Star.

Gyer—Poor Blinkers! He has passed into oblivion. Meyer—When did he die? Gyer—Oh, he isn't dead. He married a famous woman last week.—Chicago Daily News.

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Piano—Vocal—Theory—Kindergarten Music.
Fall Term begins Sept. 1, 1909.

The Heart of a Piano is the Action
Insist on
"OTTO HIGEL"
Piano Action

MUSIC

THE type of musician which the comic papers are fond of depicting is a long-haired individual of rather unkempt appearance, consumed by professional jealousy, and ever hovering on the verge of poverty.

It may be that there has been a foundation on fact for this apparently fantastic conception, but the type has now become so rare that the witticism loses point. Like the mother-in-law joke, the extortionate plumber joke, and the seventeen other primary jokes of the humorous journals, it has been worked over-time, and one grows aweary of it.

Of course one does not desire to convey the impression that the average musician is immaculate in appearance, possessed of an angelic nature, and accustomed to riot in bank-stock and doubloons, venison, and champagne.

Instead, he is usually an individual of common sense and poise, who goes about garbed and groomed like unto his fellowman; who manages to earn a fairly decent income; and who dies rich enough at least to bequeath to his friends no problem in the matter of his funeral expenses, and poor enough to be ineligible for any unenviable comparisons with the camel and the eye of the needle.

In olden times, musicians ranked with barbers and scullions; and their progress from that stage to present conditions under which the highest exponents of the divine art receive fabulous sums for a single evening's performance, is one that has been fraught with many obstacles and drawbacks.

One of the chief difficulties that the musician has had to contend with is that of convincing the world of the marketable nature of his wares. He was long looked upon as a curious mixture of genius and fool, who knew not the value of gold and silver—and therefore one made to be taken advantage of. But, with the very inevitableness of a melodrama, right prevailed; the laborer was found to be worthy of his hire, and his condition improved.

But the mediaeval spirit has not been entirely quenched—and this brings me to the real point of this article. There is an unfortunate tendency, which will not down, to ask and expect the average musician to do a great deal for nothing. The number of individuals, clubs, churches, lodges, and societies of all sorts that are ready and willing to ask a gratuitous service of the professional musician, and with no other idea in making such a request than that they are performing a benevolent act, is—in the favorite phrase of the political orator—truly astounding.

However, the world moves, and sometime these good people may also be moved to realize that the musician requires motive power of a monetary sort to help trundle his little wagon through this bank-note world. It may be very pretty to talk about hitching it to a star, but the stars are all pre-empted by the bald-headed row with the fat wallets.

Therefore, my dear sir or madam, when next you are endeavoring to secure some music for your programme, do not consider it as an algebraic equation in which x equals the amount of your appreciation of the artist's services. Work it out in arithmetic, instead.

* * *

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Gordon Langlois departed from Toronto, en route for Dresden, Germany, where he purposes recontinuing his piano studies with Mr. Harry M. Field.

On a recent Friday evening Mr. Langlois gave a private piano recital at the home of his parents, in Rusholme Road, at which some forty guests were present. Mr. Langlois performed with marked success an exacting programme, of which some of the principal numbers were "Spozalizio," Liszt; piano and violin duo, sonata No. 5, in F major, Beethoven; Allegro from concerto in B minor, Hummel; Prelude and Toccata, Lachner. In the duo, Mrs. E. A. Wicher, Mus. Bac., contributed the violin part with good effect; and in the concerto Mr. Langlois was supported at the second piano by Miss Jennie Creighton. Miss Joy Langlois acceptably contributed a couple of songs, one of which was from the pen of the piano soloist.

The occasion was very much enjoyed, and everybody joined in wishing Mr. Langlois continued and increasing success in the prosecution of his studies.

* * *

The first rehearsal of the Schubert Choir was held on Tuesday evening last in Guild Hall. It is scarcely possible to estimate the extent of the excellent diffusion of musical knowledge which is being brought about through the efforts of Mr. H. M. Fletcher. His system of choral training is suited precisely to the end in view. Beginning in the elementary chorus, members are taught the rudiments of sight singing, and the technical necessities of voice culture. These, combined with the study of songs lead on to the class known as the People's Choral Union, and after two years of thorough preparation, admittance to the Schubert Choir is possible. More than twenty-five hundred members have completed the course and a large percentage of them carried their training and knowledge into distant parts of the Dominion. At present the chorus membership under Mr. Fletcher's baton numbers more than nine hundred. There are still a few vacancies in the People's Choral Union and Schubert Choir, and Mr. Fletcher will receive the names of singers by postal to 137 Cottingham Street. The elementary chorus commences on Monday, Sept. 20th, at Guild Hall; there is no test or previous knowledge required, and members may enroll at the hall upon that evening.

* * *

Mr. Fitzhugh Coyle Goldsborough, violinist, has recently been heard to fine advantage in Cobourg, Ont., where he played at a concert given by Mr. R. A. Warner of that town. His numbers included the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner-Wilhelmj; 8th Spanish Dance, Sarasate; Scene Orientale, Goldsborough; La Ronde des Lutins, Bazzini, and others. Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor, and Miss Blanche Walter, elocutionist, were also heard and made a splendid impression.

Mr. Goldsborough's latest professional venture has been a short concert tour in Muskoka and vicinity, in company with Miss Mabel Beddoe, contralto, and Miss Mary Morley, pianist. The tour ended with a most successful appearance at the Royal Muskoka Hotel. Mr. Goldsborough is now in Toronto, where it is his intention to remain.

* * *

This season marks the first American appearance of an unusual number of important European celebrities, foremost among whom is Liza Lehmann, the composer, whose "In a Persian Garden" has gone around the world. Her company will consist of a quartette of voices, selected by Mme. Lehmann herself with special reference to the requirements of her music, and two children who are to interpret a charming little cycle of children songs. Mme. Lehmann will play the accompaniments (which, of course, consist exclusively of her own music), and have full artistic charge of the programmes given on the tour.

* * *

The debut of Pepito Arriola, the little Spanish pianist, is also of unusual interest and importance. While Europeans and Americans alike are skeptical of the "wonder-child," it must not be forgotten that Mozart was exploited in this manner at a very tender age, yet to-day his music is among our classics. Arriola's wonderful musical intelligence and his exquisite artistry in shading and coloring which is now evident are vouched for by musicians of the very hightest standing. The reputation which has preceded him from Europe is sufficient to arouse the keenest interest in his coming tour.

* * *

Mr. George Dixon announces his fourth recital, to be held in Conservatory Music Hall on Oct. 23rd, on which occasion he will introduce several songs which have never been given in Toronto before.

* * *

At the end of August, Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., severed his connection with Chalmers Church, of which he had been organist and choir leader for the past three years, in order to take up similar work at Parkdale Presbyterian church. The choir of Chalmers church presented Mr. Hardy with a beautiful set of ten leather-bound volumes of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, as a parting gift.

* * *

Miss Mary Hewitt Smart has returned from a delightful trip to the Pacific Coast, Seattle, Victoria, and Vancouver, and may be found in her studio at the Conservatory and in the Ladies Schools, where she will continue her vocal teaching.

* * *

Mrs. R. J. Dilworth has been appointed soprano soloist of the Central Methodist church. Mrs. Dilworth's large circle of friends will be charmed to hear her in choir work again.

* * *

Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' Church, has returned to town and resumed his lessons in piano and organ playing and theory, at his studios, Toronto College of Music and Nordheimer's.

* * *

Great plans have been formed for this season in connection with the work of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the matter of chief importance being a series of six concerts, to be given monthly, at which famous artists will assist. In arranging a series of concerts of this nature the management is providing for Toronto an ever-apparent evidence of her musical progress. That we should have in this city a permanent orchestra giving regular concerts of a character only to be found in New York and other great centres in the United States, is a decided step in advance. The interest in the work of the orchestra will no doubt be better sustained in view of this plan which has been adopted, and it is believed that the monthly concert of the Symphony Orchestra will be an event of importance amongst the musical people of Toronto, who have already shown their hearty appreciation of the orchestra. The decision of the orchestra management to maintain the old standard of prices, with the addition of a large number of seats at 25 cents, is an evidence of their desire to serve the citizens as a whole and avoid any possibility of the exclusion of any lover of music. That such artists as Madame Gadski and Mischa Elman should be heard at such prices is as important an innovation in music as was the introduction of the cheap editions of the literary works of the great masters. The orchestra is deserving of success, and it will no doubt reap it abundantly during this season.

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GOWNS ON LIVING MODELS.

It is one thing to see even the handsomest gown on a wax figure, and quite another to watch it walking about on a graceful model. Then you can get an idea of how the dress looks in action, and what beauty it has comes out in every movement of the figure. It was a realization of this that led the Eaton Company in the early part of the week to give a display of gowns in the manner in which such displays are given in Paris and New York. Half a dozen girls, with the kind of figures which show off gowns to the very best advantage, walked slowly up and down a raised platform in the midst of palms and flowers. There were also on the platform a number of lay-figures beautifully gowned. The scene was a particularly pretty one, and naturally attracted a great deal of attention. Nor were the spectators exclusively women, for quite a few men whom chance or business led into the cloak department of the big store remained to watch the display of costumes. But the women were of course in the majority, and all during the display they formed an eager and intent crowd about the platform.

As for the gowns, which were the centre of interest, they were nearly all Parisian creations, bearing the names of Paquin, Redfern, Drecol, Margaine, Lacroix, L. Blum, and others whose names stand for all that is artistic and exclusive in the realm of dress. There were walking-suits, and dress-suits, and evening gowns, and opera cloaks, and coats, and clothes of every description and color and style. They were all beautiful, and they all attracted the admiring attention of the spectators. But the style which seems to arouse the most interest was the new style which is variously known as the "moyen age," "Merovingian," or "Dagobert" mode. This is the style which has come to take the place of the famous "directoire." It is a revival or rather a modern development of the cuirass effects in vogue in the middle ages, and is said to have originated in a gown designed by Redfern for Mlle. Peirat, a Parisian actress, who took prominent part in a recent play of mediaeval times called "Le Roi Dagobert." But however it started, the new style has evidently come to stay, and as seen on the models at Eaton's its beauty would seem to be a quite sufficient justification for its existence. There is also a Russian variation of this style which was seen with excellent effect in some coat-dresses. Altogether the display was both a beautiful and an instructive one.

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A WESTERN business man encountered a friend of former days. It was evident that times had dealt harshly with him. His clothes were frazzled and he bore every visible sign of failure and dejection. It was evident from his watery eyes and red nose that liquor had played no little part in his undoing. The business man, however, wanted to be cordial and asked him to have a drink. When the other gladly agreed the two stepped into a cafe, and the business man said to the bartender:

"Two highballs, please."

The derelict edged to the bar quickly, and in a tremulous but eager voice said:

"Give me the same!"

* * *

DURING the South African war there was a young officer just from Standhurst, who was attached to General French's staff. The young fellow has himself achieved some distinction since then, and shall be nameless. At that time he was fresh and fidgety, and was always imagining a constant menace of attack by the Boers, whom he invariably pronounced "Bores."

Motorist (who has run over a stone-breaker's toe): "What! You want all that money for a crushed foot. Nonsense! I'm not a millionaire."
Pessimistic Stone-breaker: "No, an' I ain't no bloomin' centipede, either."

This pronunciation General French had in vain tried to correct, and it gradually got on his nerves. One day the young officer came to the general to report that he believed he could make cut through his field-glass quite as many as twenty "Bores" hid in the rocks above his camp.

"Bores, you say?" inquired the general.

"Yes, sir, Bores. Can I do anything, sir?"

"Yes, don't add to them."

* * *

AN Aberdonian went to spend a few days in London with his son, who had done exceptionally well in the great metropolis. After their first greetings at King's Cross Station, the young fellow remarked:

"Feyther, you are not lookin' weel. Is there anything the matter?"

The old man replied: "Aye, lad, I have had quite an accident."

"What was that, feyther?"

"Mon," he said, "on this journey frae bonnie Scotland I lost my luggage."

"Dear, dear, that's too bad; 'oo did it happen?"

"Aweel," replied the Aberdonian, "the cork cam' oot."

* * *

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, the Suffragette, does not overestimate the lords of creation. She was speaking recently of another prominent woman who is somewhat lukewarm in the suffrage cause.

"The trouble with Mrs. Blank," said Mrs. Catt, "is that she fairly worships her husband. She thinks that he is absolutely perfect. Why, the woman actually believes that the parrot taught him to swear."

* * *

IN Illinois there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as of the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it.

In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not to judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose.

"Jedge," said he, "weren't we to jedge the law as well as the facts?"

"Certainly," was the response; "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did."

"Well, jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid, "we considered that p'int."

* * *

THE suffragette was practising her address for the Woman's Rights Club at her own little home. Her words were defiant. "Women are the real rulers," she orated. "Men are marionettes. Since the beginning of time woman has been the real power behind the throne; now she fearlessly demands her place on the throne. She is triumphant; she defies the world; she—"

The doorbell rang. The man with the book-agent manners bowed "May I see the head of the house a moment?"

"He is not at home," said the suffragette, slamming the door and resuming her oratory. "Let me see, where was I?"

* * *

LITTLE Willie was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so. Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," responded Willie imperturbably.

"Won't she whip you?" demanded the little girl, awed.

"Naw!" exclaimed Willie, in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody! She's got company. So, when I go in, she'll just say: 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles!'"

* * *

THERE is a certain clergyman who has a happy way of enjoying his own disadvantages.

Never a handsome man, Mr. C—— was severely battered in a railroad wreck, in which he suffered the loss of a foot.

Soon after marrying a beautiful woman the ill-used minister met an old friend on the street, who bantteringly asked: "C——, how in the world did such a pretty girl come to marry you?"

"Oh, ladies like remnants!" was the cheerful reply.

* * *

A NOTED horseman tells the story of a man who entered a horse in a certain race and made a bet on it.

When the horses got away the man stood with the field-glasses glued to his eyes, watching the progress of his favorite.

Some of the men who knew of the bet crowded around and asked how the horse was going.

"Well," was the reply, "I can't just make out whether he is the last in the third race or the first in the fourth."

* * *

A CERTAIN retired business man is, in the good old phrase, as tight as wax, but has a passion to be considered a "spender" and good liver, never neglecting an opportunity to refer to his "wine cellar," etc. A short while ago he snared a well-known clubman and had him at his house for dinner. A bottle of sherry was produced with considerable ostentation and the glasses filled. The host held his to the light, then drank, and smacked his lips.

First Golfer: "Who's the turf remover?"
Second Golfer: "He's an actor—plays the Grave-digger in 'Hamlet.'"
First Golfer: "Wish he'd find somewhere else to rehearse."

"What do you think of that, hey?" he suggested.

"Why—er—very good," the guest commented, setting his glass upon the table. "But I say, old man," he added in a confidential tone, "I know a place where you can get wine even cheaper than this!"

* * *

AN overdressed woman was talking to an acquaintance.

"Yes," she said, "since John came into his money we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs and hens."

"That must be charming," remarked the other; "you can have all the fresh eggs you want."

"Oh, well," replied the first lady, "of course the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."

* * *

N. W. AYER, the advertising agent, at the dinner in Philadelphia, in honor of his firm's fortieth anniversary, said that to succeed in advertising required hard work.

"The successes in this business are stupendous," he said, "but some folks think that working as Roebottom of Camden worked a man can build up a great advertising fortune.

"Roebottom was a roofer. He was engaged on a Mickle street house. One day, as he was lunching, he was heard to give a yell of pain.

"'What's the matter, Roebottom?' a carpenter asked.

"'I got a nail in my foot,' the roofer answered.

"'Well, why don't you pull it out?' said the carpenter.

"'What! In my dinner hour?' yelled Roebottom, reproachfully."

* * *

"YEST'DAY was de fo'tieth anniversary ub our weddin'," imparted the white-haired negro, "an' aftah plannin' a great celebration de whole t'ing went to smash!"

"What kind of a celebration?"

"A re-weddin'. Yo' see, me an' Chloe had it all fixed to invite all our friends to de chu'ch, an' den accompanied by de same bridesmaid, bes' man and ushers, ma'ch up de aisle an' be re-wedded befo' de same pahson as fo'ty years ago."

"What prevented the celebration?"

"De pahson. Yo' see, we wanted everyt'ing de same as befo', but de pahson he refused to gib back de five dollars so's Ah could pay him de same money!"

* * *

THERE was a backward student at Balliol who, for failure to pass an examination in Greek, was "sent down." His mother went to see the master, Dr. Jowett, and explained to him what an excellent lad her son was.

"It is a hard experience for him, this disgrace," said the old lady; "but he will have the consolation of religion, and there is always one book to which he can turn."

Jowett eyed her a moment and then answered:

"Yes, madam; the Greek grammar. Good-morning."

* * *

MUCH has been said of the modesty and reticence of the Wright brothers of aeroplane fame That they are able to give a clever reason for their reserve is indicated by this story:

"You see," said the financial agent of the two Dayton sky-fliers, "the Wrights are what you might call too shy and too modest. I said so once to Wilbur, and do you know what he answered?"

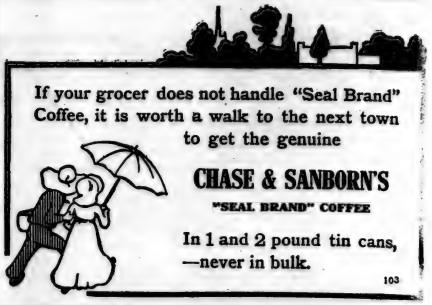
Mr. Flint paused long enough to chuckle. "Wilbur said to me, 'Mr. Flint, the best talker and the worst flier among the birds is the parrot.'"

* * *

A CLERGYMAN, who was not averse to an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. The Irishman began his work. He brought forth a lot of empty whisky bottles, and as he lifted each one looked through it at the sun. The preacher, who was walking on the lawn, saw him, and said:

"They are all dead ones, Pat."

"They are!" said Pat. "Well, there is one good thing about it, they all had the minister with them when they were dying."



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LET us be thankful that those "you're-another" gentlemen of whom the reporters are picking the bones, in regard to the rival stories of the planting of the Stars and Stripes at the North Pole, don't belong to our Dominion, and that their several crews and the captains thereof belong to an island so united and loyal, each to all, that the fact of which crew first reached the unattractive spot round which we twirl, is a detail the whole population never bothers about. A Bartlett captained each staunch vessel and stauncher crew; that's enough for Newfoundland, and more than enough for Brigus! Pretty little Brigus, where I've spent golden hours, and feasted royally at the board of hospitable Bartletts, and where a few weeks ago, a Brigus woman said in tones that showed she was deeply in earnest: "Indeed and I wish those boys would pick up with that Pole, and let me have my man back home again!" There will be a fine home-coming to Brigus presently; and the clan Bartlett, which is numerous thereabouts, will enjoy things, in the restrained but deep-felt way of the people far out at sea. And here's wishing more luck and success to each one of 'em!

Long ago a Cook and a Parry (near enough to Peary) set out about the same time for the North Pole. Long ago, in our very young days, Dr. Kane's voyage made fascinating reading, over which one pored spell bound, and knew the face of every snowy bear and silly seal, and could to-day draw a sketch of Kane from memory. Therefore, stories for which enterprising managing editors are fighting don't seem worth while! Just as we who read Bret Harte and his imitators in the old days, are fain to let the next generation go cracked over Robert Service. But all the same, Service is magnificent when he gets away from men and tackles the pure Arctic, and his Aurora Borealis verses are as near the thing itself as ever a poet got. There is nothing which lifts the common or garden soul of a man and woman into a comprehension of how much there is for them to respect and live up to, that they can never understand, like a quiet night alone, in some, not God-forsaken but God-full desert of sea and stone and Northern Lights! Once I was temporarily lost on a high place out in Labrador. Up on the mountain were many small lakes of mysterious origin, lying like plate-glass mirrors here and there. When the Aurora got fairly busy, these lakes made their best effort to respond. One moment they were pale green—a green that seemed to quiver and live before me. Instantly they vanished and came again blushing to make apologies, pink as a rose in June. They twinkled in silver, and they beamed in gold, ever anxious to follow the tone of the wonder overhead. And the heavens were a vibrant, exquisite, ever-changing dome of quaking radiance, the like of which those "livyers," as the permanent residents on the Labrador are called, may enjoy and exult in, while we smugly superior folk of steam-heated flats, burrow in our pillows and dream of escaping gas! I forgot that neither I nor my pals could find our path down the mountains. I disregarded the weird howl of the Huskie dogs on the shore below. I should have cheerfully camped out on a boulder and spent the short time before light of morning up there alone, for the joy and the glory and the marvel of it all. Therefore, I kiss the hand of good fellowship to Service, who has put into a few pages of poetry some account of what the Northern Lights will do to a man.

Talking of these Northern latitudes reminds me of the day I reached Western Bay, the scene of the overthrow, physically speaking, and possibly also politically speaking, of the ex-Premier of Newfoundland, during the late elections. I had expected a good laugh, when I heard the true account of the ducking of the unwelcome politician in the green waters of Trinity Bay, but instead, the natural kind-heartedness of the people had readjusted their view of the matter, and they were glib to relate that the "bould b'ye" who had set his huge fisher-boot against the visitor's chest, at a critical moment of his climb up the rough ladder on the wharf, and pushed him back into the sea, had gotten several months in jail for his reward. "The poor ould man, 'twas a pity for him. Murphy (the saints forgive me, if I've got the wrong name!) had no call to do such a t'sing." An old woman chuckled a bit. "Him called we *barbarians!*" she said, in a murmur of great enjoyment. "Well, the ould man wouldn't heed. Us gave fair warning him wasn't wanted," was another remark. "But maybe Murphy had no call fer to do what un did. 'Twas hard on the ould man. And us heard un keeps un's bed in cause of it ever since, or near that, anyhow," was the last word I was told on the subject, which has evidently been voted a good one to drop.

One of the happy days in Newfoundland was that upon which the bride-elect took me out for a picnic. It was a *partie carree*, just she and I, and the lady and the wise small girl, a thoroughly Newfoundland baby, that one! The heat was so great in St. John's that week, that no one who could help it went out before four p.m., but after four a certain fresh coolness came, and the air was ideal. Regatta day had just passed, and our cabman was in that state of half somnolence consequent upon an eighteen-hour perch upon his driving seat, and also extremely amiable, because it had been a financial harvest of more than usual dimensions even for that holiday which is often called "cabmen's day" in St. John's. The horse had signs of some weariness, and jogged very sedately out into the country, out to a beach of famed excellence where the bride-elect had decided to take tea. My latest idea of a perfect holiday is to drive out to each of the parts about St. John's in turn, for tea, and have the bride-elect as caterer. I could stand a week of that sort of dissipation. Such a menu, from the delicious tea in the quaint china pot, to the fresh strawberries and Devonshire cream and feather-weight cake with which we finished our feast, is not often given to picnic folk in any country. And as we ate and chatted, we looked down from our little grassy plateau, flanked with spruce groves, to the pebbled beach where the long limbed muscular young fishermen were making ready their high prowed boats for a row to the nets, whose floats one could discern far out at sea. The cliffs, the little grassy ravines, the edges of tree growth, lay across from us, glowing in the western sun; between was a beautiful harbor, known as "Middle Cove," a few houses dotted the hill behind the beach, and the ocean lay to the horizon, with here and there a full-rigged ship going on its course, like a remote butterfly, its wings gleaming silvery grey. The small girl was uncommonly funny and complaisant, and recited and danced for us in a marvellous way, considering the amount of "picnic" she had swallowed. And we installed the obliging cabman, who had made the fire, boiled the water and foraged for the clotted cream, as "Consumer of the Remains," while we wandered down to the beach and watched the launching of the fishing boats and the departure two by two, of their rowers. A chastened satisfaction was upon them, by reason of the fact that the victory in the great race of regatta day had come to their next neighbors, the men of Outer Cove, instead of to the remotor crews of Blackhead or Flat Rock. The launching of these fishing boats is always a graceful affair, the one man cannily seated, the other pressing his hands and broad chest against the high stern and then the grate of the hurrying keel over the big pebbles, the ease of the push as the boat takes the water, the last lifting shove, and the quick spring over the side by the man ashore, who perches endwise, sidewise, any old way on the gunwale as the other catches the water with the long oars, and the boat glides out to sea.

LADY GAY.

The Harvest Moon.

THE last tall sheaf hat yielded to the blade,
Soft falls the dusk-cloak of the autumn night;
Along the upland and within the glade
The wheat-stooks shimmer 'neath the waning light.

God's curfew-bell, the bittern's plaintive cry,
Re-echoes: all is still, and Nature sleeps;
While, lo, from out its watch-tow'r in the sky,
A disc of ruddy gold night-vigil keeps.

—Edgar E. Kelley, in The Canadian Magazine.

Police Sergeant—Can you give me a description of the person who ran over you? The Victim—Oi can that. He had on a fur coat an' an autymobile cap an' goggles.—Life.

She—You say your sister's wedding went off without a hitch? How nice! He—Yes, the fellow she was going to marry didn't show up.—Chicago Daily News.

A True Story.

THE following incident illustrating the "fearful joy" of book collecting recently came to our notice:

One day a man entered the salesroom of one of the largest publishing houses in this country. The salesman, who knew him by sight, engaged him in conversation, in the course of which he remarked that he had a first folio edition of one of the most celebrated poets in the world. The gentleman asked to see it. He was taken into the little back room where all the treasures were kept, and he spent some time in examining the sacred volume. After his scrutiny was completed he asked what the lowest price for the book was.

"Five thousand dollars," was the reply.

"Is that the very best you can do?"

"It is."

He shook his head mournfully and went away.

The next day he came back and after looking over some other books casually said he would like to see that particular volume again. Once more he was shown into the inner room. Once more he spent an hour in looking over the sacred volume, and once more he departed, his face still sadder.

This process was repeated day after day, the salesman, experienced in his business, never thrusting the volume directly before him, but always taking care that he should have the opportunity to re-examine it.

Finally, at the end of a week a carriage drove up to the door the gentleman alighted, carrying in his hand a small satchel, his face this time having that quiet glow which indicated that he had come to a decision. In a few moments he had exchanged the five thousand dollars he had brought with him for the volume and had departed.

Now mark the sequel.

The following day, as the head salesman who had made this sale was standing in the rear of the store, the door opened quietly and a lady entered. The salesman pricked up his ears. He thought he remembered seeing that face before. Then it came to him that this lady had once been in the establishment with her husband, the gentleman who had made the purchase the day previous. The salesman hurried forward.

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing especial. I came in to look around. By the way, my husband was in here yesterday."

"Oh, yes."

"He bought a book from you"—mentioning the name of the book.

"Yes, I believe I do remember that he did."

She hesitated for a moment.

"Do you know," she said, "I sometimes think my husband pays too much for his books."

The salesman smiled.

"You may be sure, madam, that yesterday he got a bargain. Besides, you must remember that a book like that always commands its value."

The lady leaned forward. Her face expressed a mingled feeling of anxiety and curiosity. She wanted her husband's figures confirmed officially. Confidentially she said, "But don't you think that one hundred dollars was too much for him to pay for that book?"

The salesman, wise in his day and generation, smiled in his most lordly manner as, shrugging his shoulders, he replied, "Never, madam. He can always get a hundred dollars for that book."—Life.

At a wedding breakfast the bachelors were called upon to give their reasons for remaining so.

The following were among them:

"I am like the frog in the fable, who, though he loved the water, would not jump into the well because he could not jump out again."

"I am too selfish, and honest enough to admit it."

"I prefer, on the one hand, liberty, refreshing sleep, the opera, midnight suppers, quiet seclusion, dreams, cigars, a bank account, and club to —on the other hand—disturbed rest, cold meat, baby linen, soothing syrup, rocking horses, bread pudding and empty pockets."

"I have a twin brother, and we have never had a secret from one another. He is married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why is Maude so angry with the photographer?" "She found a label on the back of her picture saying: 'The original of this photograph is carefully preserved.'"—Boston Transcript.

"What's the matter, daughter?" "Ferdy and I have parted forever." "Um. In that case, I s'pose he won't be around for a couple of nights."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Men stay at a summer resort till their money runs out; women till their dresses run out.—Life.

Our Annual Fall Opening takes place on Wednesday, September 22nd.

a cordial invitation is extended to you and your freinds to attend

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

That Bathroom of Yours

Do you realize the importance of having an up-to-date, sanitary bathroom?

Are you thinking of replacing your old bathroom fixtures with more modern ones?

If so, do not let your plumber put in just whatever he pleases.

Investigate first the merits of ALEXANDRA WARE.

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Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

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You Will Appreciate THE SAVING MADE

By having us clean, press or dye your soiled, wrinkled or faded clothing.

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LADIES WHO KNOW

are a unit in proclaiming our various treatments for the Face, Hair, Scalp, Hands, and Figure superior to any procurable elsewhere. Speaking of

Our Face Treatments

a Montreal lady, well known in Toronto, said: "It's a wonder you are not besieged; you give such beautiful treatments, very much better than I could get abroad at the best places." They are of immense benefit to the skin that shows its need of rejuvenating or is ageing prematurely. They remove discolorations, tone the complexion and cure pimples, blotches and blackheads.

Our Scalp Treatments

are so thoroughly given and so beneficial that dandruff or any scalp trouble quickly disappears. They stop hair falling, becoming faded, and retard greyness. If your hair is not what it should be, call and see us.

Superfluous Hair

Moles, Warts, Ruptured Veins permanently removed by our reliable method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. We have made a specialty of this work for over seventeen years. No marks, practically painless. Brochure mailed on request: Phone M. 831.

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BREDIN'S
HOME-MADE
BREAD

A 20 Ounce Loaf

And every ounce an ounce of quality.

"It's the "family" loaf that goes into so many thousands of Toronto's homes.

And it goes there because it's good and wholesome, and sweet and nutritious.

More bread for the same money.

5 cents.

Phone College 761 or Parkdale 1555.

Bakeries—160-164 Avenue road, and Dundas and Bloor streets.

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Memoirs of General De Gallifet.

SOMETHING like a sensation is expected to be caused in France shortly by the publication of some memoirs which were supposed to have been safely burned. They are those of General de Gallifet.

Almost a decade ago the general sanctioned the publication of a few extracts from the reminiscences which he had begun to write, but he was said to have been so enraged at the chilling reception of those autobiographical fragments that he threw the remaining manuscripts into the fire.

That such was their fate is denied vigorously by M. Jules Claretie, who affirms in the Temps that the extracts referred to were merely discursive memoranda to which the general attached no importance. Later Gallifet set to work seriously on his reminiscences, which he told his friends would be published only after his death. Several years ago he wrote to M. Claretie, "I have begun my fifth volume."

"Gallifet's memoirs of Paris, the court, the army, and of life in general—what a mine of information these pages will be," says M. Claretie. "A world which has disappeared will live again; it will be a procession of phantoms, another 'Revue nocturne!'

"I have heard him describe the death—the suicide—of Mme. Bazaine, a story the empress wished had not been told; private recollections of Prince Jerome Napoleon and conversations with Gambetta. All these were living and astonishing passages of history. It would be regrettable indeed were these reminiscences not to see the light."

"He has very domestic tastes, hasn't he?" "Oh, very. He flirts with every cook they have."—Washington Star.

A LARGE YIELD.

Offering of Shares of F. N. Burt Company, Limited.

Right to Convert Preference Shares Into Common a Notable Feature.

The offering by A. E. Ames & Co., Limited, in this week's daily papers of shares of the F. N. Burt Company, Limited, has been receiving considerable attention. The full prospectus has been published widely, and the abridged advertisement appears today in our columns.

The offering is of 7,500 shares of 7 per cent. Cumulative Convertible Preference Stock, with bonus of 20 per cent. of the amount of the Preference Shares in Common Stock. Mr. S. J. Moore, President of the Burt Company, predicts that the Common Stock will bear quarterly dividends, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, from January 1 next. The return to the investor, if this prediction is realized, will be 7.80 per cent., a large one in connection with what is understood to be a thoroughly established business.

An attractive feature of the Preference shares is that, in addition to bearing a cumulative 7 per cent. dividend, and being preferential, both as to assets and dividends, they are convertible at any time by the holder, share for share, into Common Stock. This privilege has not, so far as we know, been given before in connection with any prominent company in Canada, though the value of it has been proven elsewhere. It should certainly not be without some force with shareholders of Wm. A. Rogers, Limited, of which company Mr. S. J. Moore is also president. That company pays 10 per cent. on the Common, so that the privilege of exchange, on even terms, of the 7 per cent. Preference for the 10 per cent. Common would have been beneficial. Mr. Moore is quoted as making the deliberate statement that the prospects of the Burt Company appear to him now fully as bright as did the prospects of the Rogers Company in 1902, when that company was also just in sight of commencing 4 per cent. dividends on the Common Stock.

The business of F. N. Burt Company, Limited, comprises the manufacture of small paper boxes in the United States and Canada, and the manufacture of merchants' sales books, or counter check books, in Canada. The United States business will be done in the three factories in Buffalo, which have been used by the F. N. Burt Company of that city, and the Canadian box making and counter check book manufacturing are to be done under one roof, the two classes of business dovetailing very naturally, it is said, into each other.

Subscriptions are being received by A. E. Ames & Co., Limited. The books are to close on or before Tuesday afternoon next, at 4 o'clock, but it is said that the right to close earlier may be exercised, in view of the quantities of subscriptions that have already been received.

SOCIETY

A VERY quiet wedding was solemnized in the Church of the Redeemer at 10.30 on Wednesday morning, when Miss Florence A. E. Wyndow, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wyndow, 85 Gloucester street, was married to Mr. George Albert Pringle. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Septimus Jones. No invitations were issued, and only a few immediate relatives and friends were present. The bride wore a very handsome going away gown of embroidered blue broadcloth with hat to match, and carried a muff of asters and Japanese lilies. There were no attendants. Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle left for Muskoka. Later they will take up residence in their new home on Wright avenue.

The marriage of Mr. Rawlins Lowndes, C.E., son of the late Captain Edward Lowndes, of Charleston, T.C., and Miss Edna Robinson, eldest daughter of Mr. Titus Robinson, took place in St. Thomas' church on Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Ensor Sharpe officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and wore a beautiful robe and court train of white liberty satin with duchess and rose point lace, a veil and orange blossoms with sprays of white heather. The bridal bouquet was of lily of the valley. The bride's three sisters were bridesmaids, and Miss Josephine Flaskett maid of honor, two wearing white and two buttercup crepe de joie, with lace black net chapeaux, and carrying yellow mums. After the ceremony a reception was held by Mrs. Robinson at the family residence in Bedford road, and later, Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes left for a honeymoon down the St. Lawrence. They will reside in Waterbury, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison have sent out invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Abbie Lenora Morrison, and Mr. Frank Sutherland Allan. The ceremony will take place on Wednesday, October 6, at half-past two o'clock, in St. Augustine church, and will be followed by a reception at 81 St. George street.

Mrs. Victor Cawthra, who has been abroad since last autumn with her mother and sister, is expected home in November. Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Greene will spend some time in Paris after the return of Mrs. Cawthra.

Mr. and Mrs. Shannon, of Chatham, have been visiting in Toronto.

The death of Mrs. H. Keble Merritt which occurred on September 7, at her home in Indianapolis, Ind., was much regretted by her many old friends in Toronto. Mrs. Merritt was the only daughter of the late Sir William P. Howland, C. B., K.C.M.G., and during her father's occupancy of Government House, was the brightest of the young set who foregathered there. Large hearted and sympathetic, with an attractive personality and much magnetism, Mrs. Merritt's presence was always quickening and interesting. From time to time, since her marriage, she has visited Toronto, greeting her old friends and being welcomed with great pleasure. Mr. Merritt brought his wife's remains to Toronto, where they were interred in the family burial place in St. James' Cemetery on Friday, September 10. Sincere condolences are expressed with Mr. Merritt in his bereavement.

Another well known Torontonian was laid to rest on September 10, and his decease also occurred in the Western States, Mr. Frank Cayley, son of the late Hon. Wm. Cayley, having passed away in Salt Lake City, on September 5. His funeral service was held in St. George's church, John street, at three o'clock.

Miss Gladys Shaw, of St. Louis, is in town for a few weeks, visiting Mrs. Dwight Hulbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Grant and family, Port Hope, are to reside in Toronto this winter, having purchased a residence on Forest Hill road.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. C. Clarkson have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Kathleen Clarkson, and Dr. Ernest Malan Henderson, which takes place in the Church of the Redeemer on October 6, at half-past two, with a reception afterwards at Bekesbourne.

The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression re-opens for the Fall term on October 4. Three courses are offered this year. First, the Professional Course, which demands matriculation at entrance and covers the whole outline of study. Second, the General Culture Course for those interested in Elocution as an Art includes University English topics, Voice Culture and Physical Culture. Third, a Special Course which includes English, Voice Culture and Physical Culture. Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott has been added to the faculty this year as singing master. He will form Choral Classes for the study of English Glees and Part Songs.

Exquisiteness in Lingerie For the Autumn Bride

THROUGH the whole ultra fashionable world has swept a wave of more refined elegance in dress fabrics and colorings, and the exclusive bride will be quick to appreciate the elegance and exquisiteness in Lingerie such exclusive fashions call for. Our display of lovely hand-made French Lingerie will be a source of delight and interest to the Fall bride-elect. Mostly entirely hand-sewn and hand-embroidered, we've never displayed workmanship of such a high grade; here are sets with the individuality and distinctiveness of a work of art.

One set of fine gauzy, silky nainsook—of wonderful durability — a typically French set, entirely hand made, elaborately trimmed with finest valenciennes lace, pattern all through is the lover's knot, with wreath of ribbon and sprays of forget-me-nots; hundreds of minute, tiny tucks, and French baby beading, so desirable on account of its rarity. Corset cover is fastened in back, a style that goes with the new gowns; bows of satin ribbon complete the artistic beauty.

If you've never seen our showing of these very high-class goods, there's a pleasant surprise awaiting you.

EATON-MADE LINGERIE ALSO DISPLAYED—In very fine materials; and, though machine made, it vies in beauty with the hand-made goods. Those who care for more elaborate effects will be interested in these **EATON**-made goods.

TWO EXAMPLES OF EATON BRIDAL SETS

Three-piece Lace Trimmed Bridal Set
Consisting of Princess Slip, Gown and Drawers

Princess slip of fine nainsook, neck with fine lace insertion, ribbon draw, also edge of fine lace on neck and arms.

Skirt has fine lace insertion, tucks and frill of fine lace, dust ruffle.

Gown of fine nainsook, with fine lace insertion and frill of fine lace on neck and sleeves.

Drawers of fine nainsook, with fine lace insertion and frill of fine lace, both styles.
All sizes. Price per set **15.00**

Three-piece Embroidery Trimmed Bridal Set
Princess Slip, Gown and Drawers

Princess slip of fine nainsook, neck has fine embroidery insertion, ribbon draw and frill of fine embroidery on neck and arms.

Skirt with fine embroidery insertion, tucks and frill of embroidery, dust ruffle.

Gown of fine nainsook, with fine embroidery insertion, and frill of fine embroidery on neck and sleeves.

Drawers of fine nainsook, with fine embroidery insertion and frill of fine embroidery, both styles. All sizes. Price **20.00**

Second Floor—Centre.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

MR. X. was a prominent member of the B. P. O. E. At the breakfast table the other morning he was relating to his wife an incident that occurred at the lodge the previous night. The president of the order offered a silk hat to the brother who could stand up and truthfully say that during his married life he had never kissed any woman but his own wife.

"And, would you believe it, Mary? —not a one stood up."

"George," his wife said, "why didn't you stand up?" "Well," he replied, "I was going to, but I knew I looked like the devil in a silk hat."

JUDGE Giles Baker of a Pennsylvania county was likewise cashier of his home bank. A man presented a check one day for payment. He was a stranger. His evidence of identification was not satisfactory to the cashier.

"Why, judge," said the man, "I've known you to sentence men to be hanged on no better evidence than this!"

"Very likely," replied the judge. "But when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be mighty careful."

HAP WARD AND LUCY DALY
In "The Promoters," at the Grand next week.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

TAYLOR—At Oakville, Ont., on September 12th, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Taylor, Bank of Toronto, a son.

BLANCHARD—On September 12, 1909, at 123 Macpherson avenue, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. D. Blanchard, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

PRINGLE—WYNDOW—At the Church of the Redeemer, on the 15th September, 1909, by the Rev. Septimus Jones, Florence A. E. Wyndow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wyndow, to George Albert Pringle.

HAULTAIN—CRONYN—On September 11th, 1909, at St. Stephen's Church, Toronto, by Rev. Canon Broughall, D.D., and Rev. J. S. Broughall, M.A., Frances Muriel, daughter of the late Benjamin Cronyn and of Mrs. Cronyn, Toronto, to Herbert E. T. Haultain, C.E., youngest son of the late Major-General F. M. Haultain.

McNEIL—CROFT—On Wednesday, September 8th, 1909, at the Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, by the Rev. Bernard Bryan, rector, Dr. Hector Merrison McNeil, B.A., of Latchford, to Wyona (Nona) Grace Croft, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Croft, Parkdale.

LOWNDES—ROBINSON—On Wednesday, September 15th, 1909, at St. Thomas' Church, Toronto, by the Rev. C. Ensor Sharpe, Edna, eldest daughter of Mr Titus W. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, Toronto, to Rawlins Lowndes, C.E., Waterbury, Conn., youngest son of the late Captain Edward Lowndes and Mrs Lowndes, of Charlestown, S.C.

DEATHS.

TILLEY—At Victoria Hospital, Toronto, on Tuesday, September 14th, 1909, Annie E. Perry, wife of J. J. Tilley.

CROMBIE—At 113 Maitland street, Toronto, on Monday, September 13th, 1909, Alexander Taylor Crombie.

The Drug Store That is Always Right

No matter what you want in drugs you can get it here —and it will always be right.

Right in quality and right in price.

My prescription department is in the hands of experts. The drugs I use are the purest and best in quality.

As I make a specialty of filling doctors' prescriptions, I am equipped to do it promptly and accurately, and in most cases at a lower price than others charge.

I will send for and deliver prescriptions any place in town. Telephone Main 2991.

Hennessey's The dependable drug store 107 Yonge St. Toronto

Two New Bales of Kirmanshas

Just opened two newly imported bales of Rugs, containing choice Kirmanshas. We also have new imports of Bonkhara, Kazak, Gorovan, Tabriz and Sarouk Rugs. Lovers of the beautiful and useful should see these while the assortment is unbroken.

Our special facilities for buying enable us to offer better patterns and colorings, and lower prices than any other dealers.

Oriental Brassware Wedding Gifts

The bride will get lots of silver and cut glass; give her something different. Choose an artistic piece of Oriental brassware from our collections, the largest in Canada.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 KING ST. EAST Opp. King Edward Hotel

Unanswered.

DEAR Heart, where you are lying
Beneath the budded rue,
Do joy and love and laughter
Call through the dark to you?

Does ever the old longing
Your quiet pulses thrill,
To stray with bird and blossom
Across the Spring-swept hill?

And, is your sleep too dreamless
To feel my shelt'ring grief,
Breathe through each bending blossom,
Sigh through each falling leaf?
—Charlotte Becker, in The Forum.

"That woman next door is really dreadful, John," said a young married woman to her husband. "She does nothing but talk the whole day long. She cannot get any work done, I'm sure."

"Oh," remarked the husband, "I thought she was a chatterbox. And to whom does she talk?"

"Why, my dear, to me, of course," was the reply. "She talks to me over the back fence."

Visitor—Who is that crazy man yelling and struggling so? Hospital Attendant—He isn't crazy. That's Dr. Sabre, the celebrated surgeon. They brought him here yesterday, and the doctors have just ordered an operation.—Puck.

Dr. Osler's jest still recoils upon him. At Oxford, on occasion of his sixty-first birthday, an undergraduate poem ran:

Brothers, I am sixty-one,
And my work on earth is done;
Peace should follow after storm,
Reach me down the chloroform!
—Post.

"Say," a boy yelled in to the proprietor of a store in a prohibition town, "the express agent says for you to send down for that package of Daily Tribunes right away, 'cause they're leakin'!"—Everybody's.

Gadsby—Hear about Jaggleton being thrown from a taxicab last night? Galey—Poor chap! Did the car turn turtle? Gadsby—No—the chauffeur turned bouncer!—New Orleans Picayune.

Tommy—Pop, what is meant by the mother tongue? Tommy's Pop—Sh-h-h, my boy! Don't get her started.—Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Woody—Music is a most fascinating study. Do you know I'd like to sing awfully. Miss Blunt (who had heard him)—Oh, you do.—Tit-Bits.

Society at the Capital

ON Thursday last, general attention, especially of all Ottawa's younger members of society, was concentrated in the first large smart event of the season, which was also the first of a number of fashionable weddings which are to come off in rapid succession during the next two months in the Capital. On that afternoon the residence of Mr. S. H. Borbridge in Metcalfe street was *en fete* for the marriage of his elder daughter, Miss Maud Borbridge, to Mr. Arthur Brown, of Winnipeg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, of Hamilton, which took place in the drawing-room. The decorations throughout the various rooms were most tastefully carried out with a lavish supply of white roses and asters, green foliage, ropes of smilax and ferns, an aisle being outlined from the staircase to the raised dais in the drawing-room, with a succession of large baskets holding snowy asters and connected by wide white ribbons and smilax. A large floral bell hung before the dais where the ceremony took place, and here two white satin cushions embroidered in gold with the initials of bride and groom were placed for them to kneel on. Rev. Mr. Snowdon, of St. George's church, officiated.

Punctually at two o'clock the bridal party entered the room, headed by Miss Kathleen Borbridge, the younger sister of the bride; she was followed by the bridesmaid, Miss Marjorie Brown, of Hamilton; and then came the pretty bride, led in by her father and wearing a most becoming costume of pale grey panne velvet, which suited perfectly her svelte figure and bright, winsome face. Made in princess effect with panelled front and back, it had a yoke and sleeves of net of the same delicate color over silk and a long coat had facings of corded silk. A particularly becoming hat of beaver cloth was trimmed with grey velvet and soft ostrich plumes of the same shade, and dainty grey suede shoes and gloves completed the costume of one of the brightest and most attractive brides that has ever been seen in Ottawa. She wore the bridegroom's gift, a handsome diamond ring, and carried a shower bouquet of lily of the valley and roses.

The pretty, girlish maid of honor was sweet in white *pointe d'esprit* over silk made in the present high-waisted style with low Dutch neck and long white satin sash. A white lace hat with large satin rosettes was worn with this, and a glorious sheaf of American Beauties was an artistic finishing touch to this dainty costume. The bridesmaid was much admired in a gown of palest blue chiffon made in Grecian effect and prettily embroidered in white silk. Her hat was also of white lace, with pale blue feathers and chiffon streamers, and her bouquet of American Beauties contrasted well with the dainty blue toilette. She wore a handsome ostrich feather ruff, the gift of her brother, the groom. Mr. Stanley Borbridge acted as best man, and to him the groom presented a silver wrist watch, and the maid of honor was made the possessor of a go'd bracelet as a souvenir of the happy event. On the conclusion of the ceremony and after the register was signed, the happy young pair were overwhelmed with good wishes and congratulations by all the guests, who consisted principally of the younger friends of the bride, with whom she is especially popular, and many of whom are so soon to follow her example. Then an adjournment was made to the dining-room, and here the same appropriate decorations of white blossoms were artistically arranged on the large table where the magnificent wedding-cake was the *piece de resistance*. Toasts were enthusiastically drunk, and delicious refreshments much enjoyed, and then Mr. and Mrs. Brown left for the station to take the four o'clock train to Montreal, on their way to spend a short honeymoon in New York and other American cities, going on later to Winnipeg, their future home.

Among the more recent "returnals" to the Capital from their summer outings are Hon. Mr. Justice, Mrs. and the Misses Cassels, who have been thoroughly enjoying the sea breezes at St. Andrew, N.B., for the past six weeks; Mrs. Berkeley Powell and Miss Evelyn Powell, who spent the summer at Banff and several other interesting points in the West; Dr., Mrs. and Miss Gladys Powell, who on Monday returned from a trip to the Coast; Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier and her children, who have been summering at the Queen's, Niagara-on-the-Lake; and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber and her mother, Mrs. Gwynne, who were also at Niagara-on-the-Lake for a short time.

Two more interesting marriages will take place this month, the first being that on the 15th September of Miss Ottilie Wyld, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Wyld, Esq., K.C., and Mrs. Wyld, of Cliff street, to Mr. Phillip Neame, of Portland, Oregon, son of Mr. L. H. Neame, of London, England, which will be solemnized at St. Andrew's church; and on the 22nd September, Miss Louie Gemmill, only daughter of the late J. J. Gemmill, Esq., K.C., and Mrs. Gemmill, of "Cliffside," will be wedded to Mr. Hugh Phillipps, of Winnipeg. The letter will be of a very quiet nature owing to the continued serious illness of the bride-elect's brother, Mr. Herbert Gemmill.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Sept. 13, 1909.

A CONSIDERABLE impression has been caused, apparently, in American golfing circles by the rate at which the final of our Amateur Championship was played this year, writes Ernest Lehman, the golf expert. As every golfer knows, Mr. Maxwell and Captain Hutchison finished each round of that memorable battle within the two hours' limit. This was the more surprising on account of the closeness of the match. Nearly every hole was fought out on the green. Very few holes were given up by either player. The play throughout was of the very highest class, and yet the whole affair was done with promptness and despatch. Such a match, the American critics say, would have required at least three hours per round for its completion if contested by two of their players. They attribute this slowness in the main to the prevalence among American players of the practice-swing before each stroke. Now, the Americans are an imitative as well as an original race. In matters of golf they wish to found themselves on the best models, and I have very little doubt in my mind that this pernicious habit of the practice-swing came to them by the example of one of our most famous players, who was at his zenith at the seed-time of American golf in the 'nineties of last century. But whereas in the case of the lamented F. G. Tait there was a certain reason for the method and a great celerity in the rest of his game, the typical American player instanced by their critics has adopted the practice without any special reason inherent in his play, and has superadded the abomination of extreme deliberation in all the rest of his methods. It must be remembered that Tait went through a certain bad period of slashing play. His drives were prodigious in length, and, also, very often in want of direction, and he was known as a slap-dash player of genius who on his day was irresistable, but whose "day" was not often present. Being a man of great force of character, Tait recognized the faultiness of his methods, and set about correcting them. He, therefore, purposely adopted a more deliberate form of game, a game distinguished by its constant exhibition of reserve force. To aid him in his regeneration I feel sure that he adopted the practice-swing, for which he was noted, preparatory to each stroke. He found, no doubt, that this gave him time to settle down to his restrained methods in violent contrast to his old go-ahead proceedings, and the habit so adopted by him became second nature. But no one, even in his latest days, could accuse him of being a slow player.

How Many Women Really Rest?

SAFELY estimated, not one in a hundred CAN. The busy man at his office reduces his nervous strain by adopting every device to save labor and worry. Then why not provide the housewife with complete facilities to master the situation at home? Lighten her worries and increase her spare moments.

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The highest virtue that can be claimed for a beverage is PURITY.

Of Scotch Whisky Brands there are few that can, with so much justification, claim absolute purity as can TEACHER'S. Matured in wood, and mellowed by age.

Geo. J. Foy, Limited, Toronto, Can.
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Against the Auto Tire World

At the Exhibition just closed, there were 45 automobiles on display. This is the tire record:

Cars fitted with Dunlop Tires 51 per cent.

Five other makes of Tires 49 per cent.

Wherever you find automobiles you find Dunlop tires in most prominence.

There's a reason.

There's a reason, too, why the Company is putting an addition to its building to accommodate growth of business.

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Necessities for the Bathroom

There are many little things that add greatly to comfort and convenience in the bathroom that cost but little to have. Here are some of them:

GLASS HOLDER

Strong, handsomely nickeled stand—saves glasses from being knocked into the basin and broken—you'll always find the glass where it should be when it is wanted.

SOAP DISH

This is a really sanitary dish—all metal, heavily nickeled — keeps the soap clean and dry so there is no waste.

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To rest the head on when taking a bath—keeps the hair out of the water.

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Are Women Human?

"THANK God, my mother wasn't a Woman!" fervently exclaimed the Paradoxical Person.

"Well, of all things, what was she?" queried the Old-Fashioned Person.

"She was just a human being, of course," paradoxically replied the Paradoxical Person. "A Woman is something which cannot forget that she is a Woman, and which, therefore, is somehow the irreconcilable enemy of something else, called a Man. A Woman is a super-cooled super-human, constituting a separate class to be legislated for in a particular way, and with a strong sense of superiority arising from the mere fact that she is a Woman. Women were never heard of in history until the latter part of the nineteenth century."

"Your viewpoint is at least startling," remarked the Old-Fashioned Person. "To what do you attribute the rise of this phenomenon?"

"To Man, of course. If Man had not set her in a different class by denying her the vote there would be no need for the modern Woman at all."

"Then I take it you are opposed to Woman-suffrage?"

"Not at all," said the Paradoxical Person. "That is the only way to get rid of Women."

"Then why do you offer such fervent thanks that your mother was not a Woman?"

"Because she was happy without the vote."

"Why was that?"

"Because she had other things to think about, such as children and pies," explained the Paradoxical Person.

"Oh!" said the Old-Fashioned Person, as if the matter were perfectly clear.—Ellis O. Jones, in Lippincott's.

The Golf-Ire.

(With acknowledgments to R. K.)

A FOOL there was, and he raised his head,
Even as you and I.
He had made his drive and laid it dead,
And unto himself he softly said,
"I'll gobble a two or bust instead—"
Even as you and I.
Now, the fool looked up as he made his putt,
And the ball flubbed on with a slicy cut,
And the fool howled, "Oh, you blankety mutt!"
Even as you and I.

—Harper's Weekly.

Shopping.

[In the Near Future—Perhaps.]

CUSTOMER—"Er—I want a monoplane."

Shop-walker—"Certainly, sir. Step this way, please. Mr. Jones, forward! Monos for this gentleman."

Shop Assistant—"Monoplanes, sir? Yes-sir. Made up or to fly yourself? To fly yourself? Yes, most gentlemen prefer them. This is the very latest shape in 'Bleriots.' Perfect fit guaranteed—especially the first time you use it."

Customer—"Does it float in water?"

Shop Assistant—"Float! Oh, no sir; it's not *meant* to float. It will never be necessary. You're thinking of the 'Latham,' I expect. We *have* a very cheap line in 'Lathams,' if you would care to —"

Customer—"No, thanks; I'll take the 'Bleriot.'"

Shop Assistant—"Thank you, sir. That will be two ninety-nine nineteen eight—sale price. Sign, please! Will you fly it now or shall we send it?"—Punch.

SALLIES of almost childlike high spirits, endeared the late J. L. Toole, the lifelong friend of Henry Irving, to all who knew him. On one occasion, when the author of "Some Eminent Victorians" was spending a day in the innocent adventures which Toole was a genius in originating, they went to the Tower, where they found themselves among a party of eager sightseers in the chamber where the Crown jewels are disposed.

It was a woman who was explaining to the eager throng the history of the articles displayed. At the end of a long catalogue, she said:

"And this is Anne Boleyn's crown."

Toole, apparently suddenly overcome, burst into a flood of tears, and leaned against the wall in seemingly uncontrollable grief.

"Oh, sir," inquired the poor woman, in distress, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" replied Toole, in broken accents. "Don't mind me, but the fact is, I have known the family so long."

A negro waiter in a Paducah hotel had an idea he was a prize-fighter, being stirred to deeds within the squared circle by hearing of the prowess of Peter Jackson and Jack Johnson. They matched him with a Swede from Chicago, and the fight came off in a barn. Early in the first round the Swede landed a hard one on the negro's nose, flattening that organ about six degrees more than Nature did. The crack bothered the negro, and the Swede was quick to notice it. The Swede kept pounding at the negro's nose, pounding it steadily. After he had the negro's nose spread away around by his ears, in the third round, the negro rushed to his corner and began tearing madly at his gloves.

"Here!" shouted his second, "ain't you going to fight no more?"

"No sah," replied the negro with great dignity, "I ain't goin' to fight no more wiv' no gentleman what don't scatter his blows."

Revised.

YE mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match a modern foe,
And fly through the sky
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the navies grapple in the blue,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
May start from every wave,
For oak decks were their field of fame
And ocean was their grave.
But now where Phæthon once fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
While you fare through the air
As the stormy winds do blow—
While the navies grapple in the blue
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks;
Her towers are out of date.
Now far above the mountain waves
Her warriors aviate.
With thunders from her aeroplanes
She quells the foreign foe;
And they lunge and they plunge,
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the navies grapple in the blue
And the stormy winds do blow.

—Bert Leston Taylor, in Chicago Tribune.

The Latin quarter, that Mecca of American visitors in Paris, is doomed. Within another six months it is improbable that a trace of the picturesque section will remain. House-wreckers have begun work in carrying out the municipal improvement plan which has been decided upon.

The time has come to clear out the old and squalid neighborhood across the Seine, where beautiful new streets will be laid out and fine buildings will rise. The property, which belongs to the city, will be so administered as to bring in revenue, whereas it is now merely clearing expenses.

For many years English, American and German students and visitors loved to live in the narrow streets and liked to rough it in blissful ignorance of baths or barbers' tools, but they no longer desire such a life. They prefer hygienic apartments that are light and cheap.

Herr Goldmark, the composer, who was said to love the children of his brain with a truly fatherly affection, and never to lose an opportunity of seeing how they were treated, was once traveling to hear a performance of his opera, "The Queen of Sheba," and in the train got into conversation with a lady, in whom he became much interested. He longed to make himself known to his fair companion, and at last ventured to say: "I suppose, madam, you do not know who I am?" "No, sir, I do not," replied the lady. "Well, then, I am Carl Goldmark, the composer of 'The Queen of Sheba.'" "Oh, indeed!" was the lady's reply; "and is that a very good situation?"

"Yes, sir," said the rural mail carrier, "you musn't let it go any further, for this is strictly confidential, but I'm for Roosevelt in 1912."

"Why so?" asked the cross roads philosopher.

"Because I've been taking stock of his enemies. Every corporation, every trust that's trying to bleed the people, everybody that he has offended by calling him a liar, every nature faker, everybody that's prejudiced against the big stick and all the fellows that are trying to get rich quick by hook or crook are everlastingly down on him."

"Well," said the cross roads philosopher, "that constitutes a majority. You may as well give it up."

Tourist—Is it true that no drinking is permitted on the passenger trains in this State? The Depot Master—It's true. Tourist—What time does the next freight train leave?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Talk," said Uncle Eben, "is sumpin' like rain. A certain amount is welcome an' necessary. But doggone a deluge!"—Washington Star.

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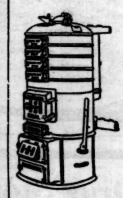

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